THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIV
No. 1757

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

SEPT. 23
1933

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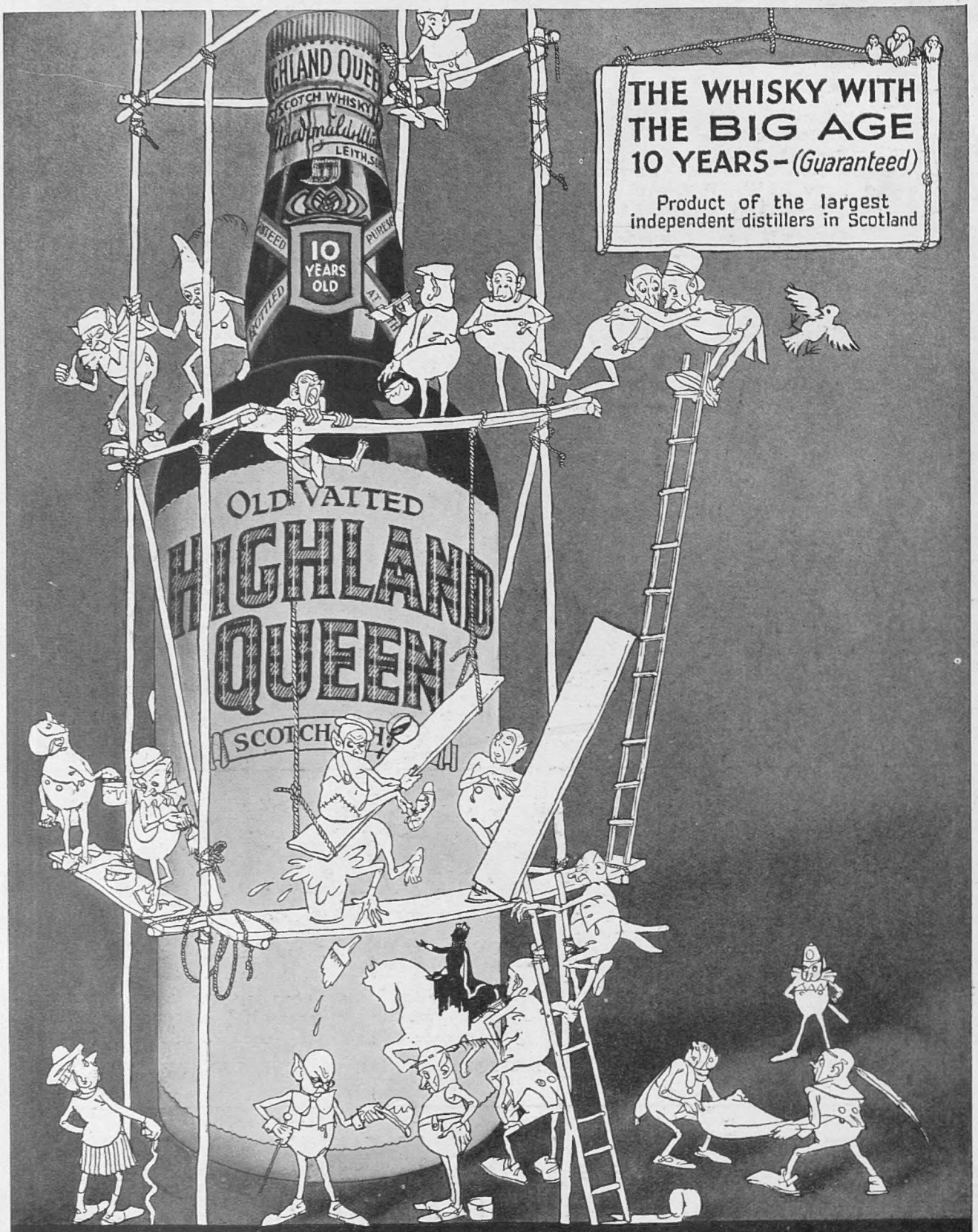

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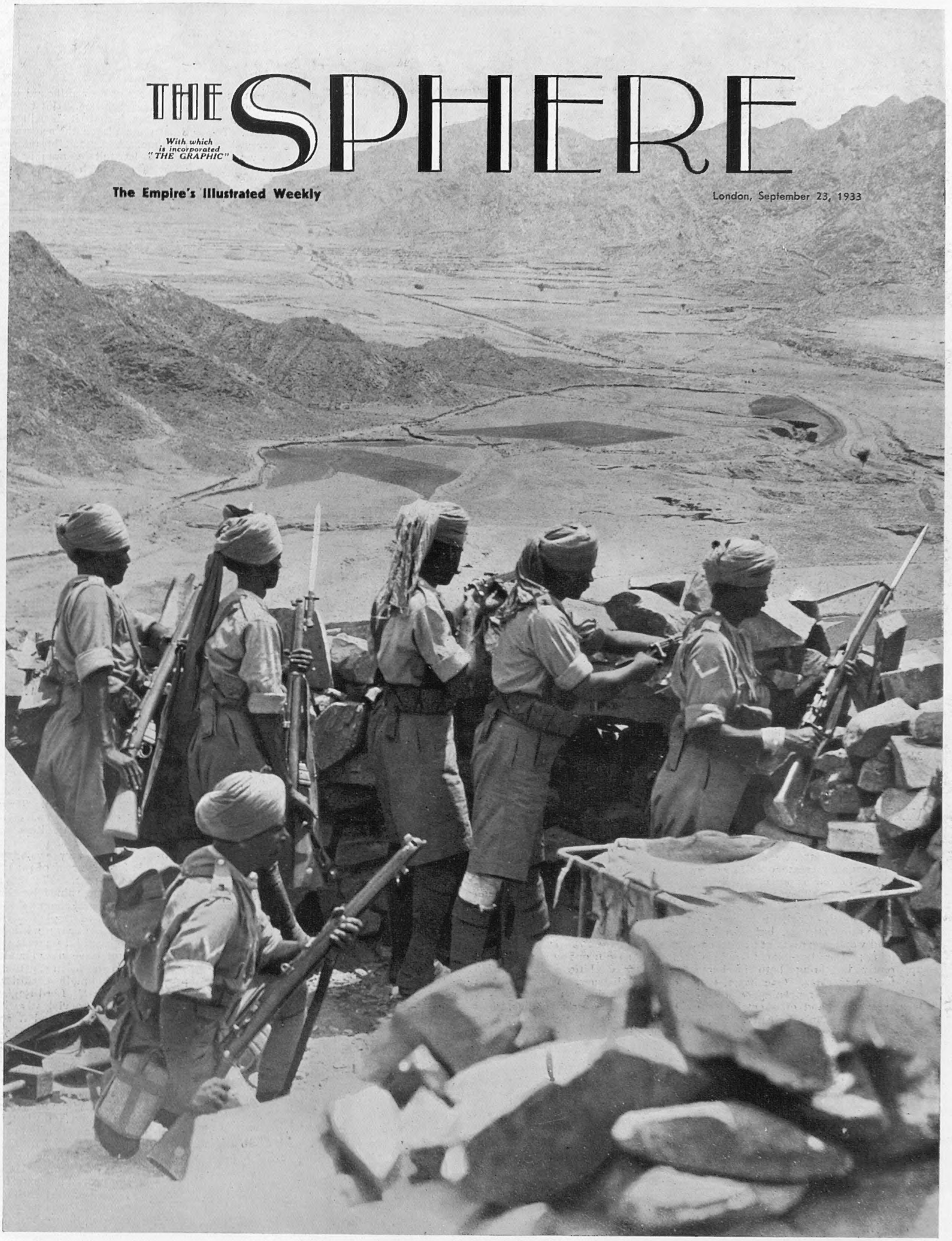
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, September 23, 1933



WAR on the NORTH-WEST FRONTIER

A Mountain Battery Menaces the Upper Mohmand Tribesmen at Dand Camp

Unrest on the North-West Frontier, always to be expected when the harvest has been gathered and the tribesmen's thoughts turn to less peaceful pursuits, culminated in July in the Upper Mohmands descending from their villages on the Afghan side of the border and attacking the Halimzai—a more or less peaceful tribe who are assured of British protection while they are of good behaviour. Burning of villages and inter-tribal fighting ensued and, but for the prompt despatch of troops of the Indian Army, there is no doubt that the rising would have reached alarming proportions. Although a section of the still recalcitrant Upper Mohmands, under Badshah Gul, are continuing their attempts to frustrate the peace negotiations, a settlement now seems likely at any moment, and it is confidently expected that before the end of the month order will once again have been restored. The above picture, which has just arrived in London, shows members of the 2nd Derajat Mountain Battery holding the position at Dand Camp where they were frequently sniped by tribesmen occupying the surrounding hills. (Further pictures will be found on pages 468-69)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A LONDON NE

INNOCENCE ABROAD: During last week's wedding between Mr. Allen Lievesley Stock and Miss Rosemary Hopps at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Caroline Lovell, one of the little bridesmaids, wandered out of the church and got lost. She is seen here with the kindly policeman who rescued her

"SEASON OF MISTS": Lord Melchett, Master of the Tedworth, leading his

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 20, 1933.

ANOTHER STEP FORWARD.—Despite European currency upheavals, changes of Governments, revolutions, and general political and economic uncertainty, the August trade figures show an increase over July of a £1,000,000 in our exports. In workshop and factory all over the country, and especially in the South, Hope is raising its head. Coal, of course, remains in the doldrums, but iron and steel and woollen exports are quite encouraging; the last-named trade is apparently benefiting both in home and foreign markets. One hears, too, of blast furnaces reopening, of distilleries reopening, and of re-employment in Yorkshire's staple industry. There are no grounds yet for congratulations all round, but the figures are by no means discouraging, and once more the Government is justified in taking some credit for the better state of things, and in claiming that its new economic policy is slowly developing according to plan, and for the good of the country. We shall no doubt hear these figures and the unemployment figures cited and compared by Government spokesmen when the wireless talks begin, and the subjects will be more palatable than political platitudes and a deal more persuasive.

"THIS INVIDIOUS DISTINCTION."—The three senior Privy Councillors in the House—Sir Austen, Winston, and Lloyd George—have joined forces with Lord Snowden, to raise in protest an exceeding bitter cry at their exclusion from the privilege of broadcasting political speeches. They say (and fairly): If Mr. Baldwin, if Sir Stafford, why not we? The long winter evenings are drawing in; they see the pleasant firelight and whole families collecting round the polished box, agog for polished platitudes. The three senior P.C.s have a big stock of these commodities to dispose of, and fail to see why they should be barred from dumping. No one knows better than the chairman of the B.B.C. governing board the merits of these protesters as orators, yet curiously enough neither he nor his confrères realize the demerits of the microphone as a vehicle for oratory. I do not know if Mr. Churchill has ever listened to a broadcast political speech. I cannot think he has, or he would swallow his own exclusion with gusto. A political address to a mixed audience depends entirely for success on the magnetism and dramatic ability of the speaker. In its very nature it is perforce composed of platitudes, of trite sayings so obvious and so bald as to evoke *per se* a bitter nausea in the least educated listener. Without the dressing and dishing up afforded by the speaker's genius, they are Dead Sea fruit, withered and bitter. And not one item in the orator's bag of tricks has ever "got across" through the microphone. The B.B.C. has long since murdered the appeal and the value of political oratory. Every politician who has broadcast has earned the unenviable reputation of a platitudinous bore. Sir Austen has of late retrieved his parliamentary laurels in the House, Mr. Churchill still cares mightily for his repute as an orator, so does Mr. Lloyd George; even Lord Snowden is not lacking in personal vanity. It is impossible that these shrewd and practised hands are making a serious protest from the heart. While one by one the golden voices of the chosen band of B.B.C. political entertainers are drowned in the yawns of the public, these happy few can laugh in their sleeves, and I am persuaded they are laughing while they protest, and have no desire to press their case home.

AN INVITATION TO CRIME.—The jewellers of Hatton Garden have learned no lessons from the success of smash-and-grab criminals. Their window displays positively invite the attention of the nimble thief. The police cannot be everywhere, and no specific has yet been found to reduce the percentage of smash-and-grab successes. Time and again the thieves get away in their car. The present type of safety grid is valueless against a blow from a heavy hammer. In the recent raid in Hatton Garden a 12-lb. hammer was employed and instantly made an opening, yet it was easily carried, easily concealed, and easily wielded. For weeks on end this particular window had drawn a crowd to its dazzling display, which included several historic diamonds beyond price and a total display valued at something like £80,000. It is high time that jewellers were compelled—if they cannot be persuaded—to employ the discreet methods of window display of certain firms of hatters, and to show no more than a single exhibit (and that of no value) to advertise their business. This policy would surely be welcomed alike by the police and the insurance world.

SCIENCE AND ALL THAT.—The British Association's annual meeting invariably affords a mass of spicy news-items in a barren season for newspaper-men. Leicester's gathering of scientists was no exception and every subject under the sun was discussed each day. The origin of life—that hoary and unsolved problem, the pros and cons of scientific advances, the Gold Standard, the language of babies, winter milk versus summer milk, and everything else. Lord Raglan, as President of the anthropology section, showed a special sympathy with hungry journalists and spread for them an Homeric feast, He might have been so dull; anthropology can be so treated. After all, the Colonial Office accord it immense importance as a scientific aid to its own particular problems. But Lord Raglan remembered that it is still the Silly Season and played the solemn music in rag-time. As a result he allowed himself to let fall a number of hasty observations which have only his own vehemence to support them. He declared that there is no obvious reason why anyone should wish to know what happened before he was born. And he added as a rider that very few people do so wish.

TWO STARTLING ASSERTIONS.—Now these two statements will not bear examination. They are so palpably untrue. Lord Raglan may fairly describe local tradition as being largely compounded of posthumous invention, but its very existence in its unreliable form is proof of the universal appeal of the past. We see an old stone circle, or a ruined building, and we feel the strongest compulsion to learn its history or to re-people it. If we fail to learn the authentic truth, it is possible we weave a legend to invest what we simply cannot leave naked and impersonal. False tradition is the truest proof of our innate curiosity about the past. Lord Raglan dealt even more violently with pedigree claims, and it seems to me with no more justification for his sweeping assertions. He exploded the Wakes, but I fancy here he was merely setting up a sand-castle for the pleasure of knocking it down. When he declared that there is no family in this country which can claim to go back to the times of the Conquest, I wondered how he dared to be so cocksure. He will admit proved descents from the twelfth or thirteenth centuries—indeed he is estopped from denying them—but he cannot swallow descents from the eleventh century. A family apparently may survive eight centuries but not nine. If tradition claims the ninth, it is false, apparently because it cannot be proved by documents. But it is news to many of us that what cannot be proved by documents is false. Lord Raglan is surrounded by a vast and invisible and rather scoffing audience which concedes to tradition more authority than to Lord Raglan's almost schoolboy positiveness.

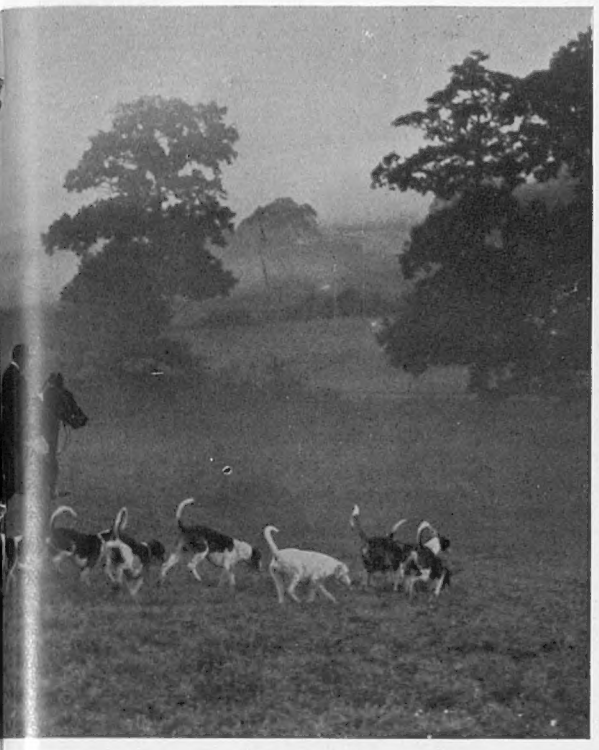
THE ROAD NORTH.—I thought I knew something of Scotland after decades of faithful devotion, but I

ON pages 478–9 of this issue will be found a special article by Frank C. Bowen on "The Future of the British Navy," the author laying particular stress on the present inadequate strength of our cruiser force.

Another feature of unusual interest is the series of pictures on pages 482 and 483 depicting the remarkable Rangoon harbour model in Tottenham Court Road.

WSLETTER

am forced now to admit that they know little of the beauties of the Highlands who do not know the last 100 miles of the road to John o' Groats. The moorland road to Ardgay, for example, is beautiful beyond description, and the Cromarty Firth is far superior to the



ack to the draw after a cubbing meet near Romsey

Moray. Then the sea road north from Bonar Bridge to Golspie and Dunrobin, with its painted hills on the left hand and its miles of virgin, golden sands, and blue sea on the right, is a road of dreams for grown-ups and children alike. It is a road of prosperity, too; a splendid motor road, as all roads in these parts are. One is impressed by the efficiency of the local authority and by the many evidences of the prosperity of the inhabitants. "The poor crofters of Sutherland" is a meaningless phrase to the tourist who sees on all sides smiling villages of strong, stone-built cottages, gay with flower gardens, large modern schoolhouses, streets thronged with splendidly healthy children and a grand harvest being carried in from scores of sunlit fields. For the sportsman the shootings along this lovely seaway provide a bag of endless variety. Many famous salmon rivers have their sources in these hills, Oykell and Helmsdale among them. The bracken patches are famous for woodcock. I met a sportsman who last year bagged in a morning in a patch of bracken thirty-six couple to his own gun. In a single and short day's sport it is common to get a mixed bag of 150 head of grouse, partridges, snipe, duck, woodcock, blackgame, hares, and rabbits, and it is customary to carry a rifle on such expeditions and to crown the day's total of small game with a stag stalked and killed in the half-light. That indeed was the consummation of my own first experience of a day's sport not far from Loth in Sutherland.

EXIT PROHIBITION. — The knell of Prohibition in the States is sounding in anticipation, and it is highly unlikely that any other great Power will try this experiment in paternal government. America found to her cost that the evil which it was thought to cure was health in comparison with the diseases which Prohibition bred. And indeed this high ideal (as it seemed to those who believe they can make men good by Act of Parliament) was achieved too late. It should have come about a century ago when gin first began to slay its ignorant thousands. In this country, at any rate, drunkenness is gone out of fashion, and the reasons for that happy state of things are to be sought in the advance of education, and the vast increase in the amenities and interests and recreations of life which have come to the working classes in the last decades. There remain plague spots in every city, and especially so among polyglot nations; but so far as prohibiting alcohol by Act of Parliament goes, it has been definitely proved that this particular item of paternal government does not pay. It is better to let men go to the Devil or climb to the stars in their own way.

THE BEST SELLER. — The report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, *Tell the World*, was issued last week and tells a wonderful tale of the activities of the society. The society during the past year published no fewer than 11,000,000 volumes, including 800,000 copies of a 1s. edition of the Bible. The Bible Society speaks 600 languages, and without distinction of denomination supplies Protestant literature all over the world on the most favourable terms.

THE OLD STAGER.

CROSSING THREE CONTINENTS TO SAVE LIFE: Acting upon an urgent request from India to perform an operation upon the daughter-in-law of the Maharajah of Nepal, Mr. H. S. Souttar, G.B.E. (second from right), the Harley Street consulting surgeon, and Dr. J. H. T. Challis (left) started a dramatic air dash from Heston on Sunday in a machine piloted by Captain Neville Stack (centre). They took with them Miss M. A. Bradford, a London nurse. It is estimated that the total cost of the flight will be about £25,000

LEARNING TO WIELD THE WHISTLE: Pupils receiving instruction at a class held by the London Society of Referees at the Feathers Hotel, Broadway, Westminster. The various problems were illustrated on a model football field

"THE TUG-OF-WARSPITE": Members of the crew of H.M.S. *Warspite*, the famous training ship, cheering on their comrades during the tug-of-war contest at their athletic sports at Grays, Essex. The prizes were afterwards presented by Lady Devitt

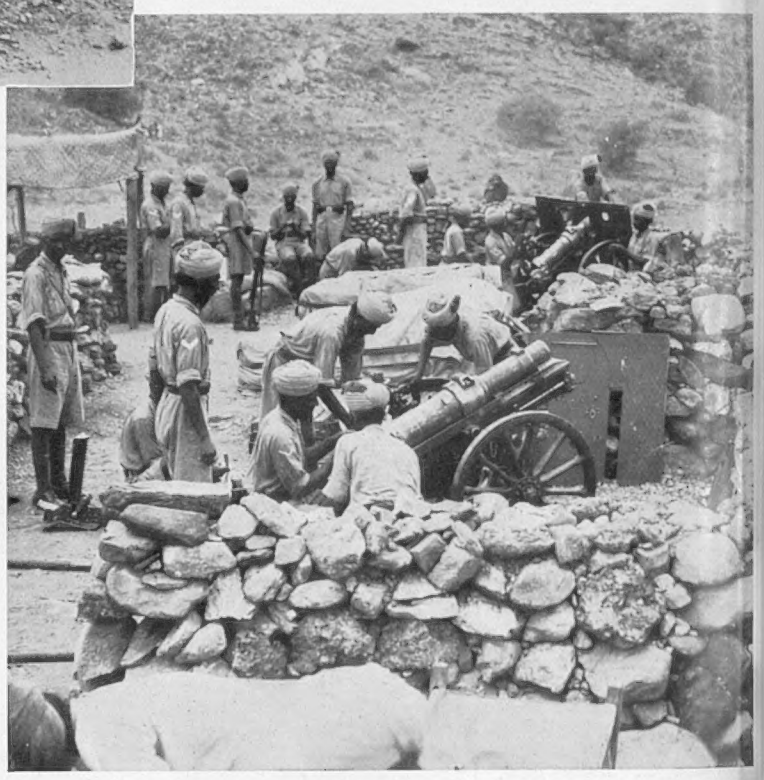
THE INDIAN ARMY in ACTION on the N.W. FRONTIER

Building the New Dand Motor Road in Face of Tribal Opposition

ROAD BUILDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES: A company of the 1/7th Rajputs on protection duty in the Karappa Pass during the building of the new road from Dand to Ghalanai. Constant watch has had to be kept as the Upper Mohmand tribesmen are skilful snipers

IN THE KARAPPA PASS: A road protection signal post of the 1/7th Rajputs under Lieutenant Sarda Nand Singh

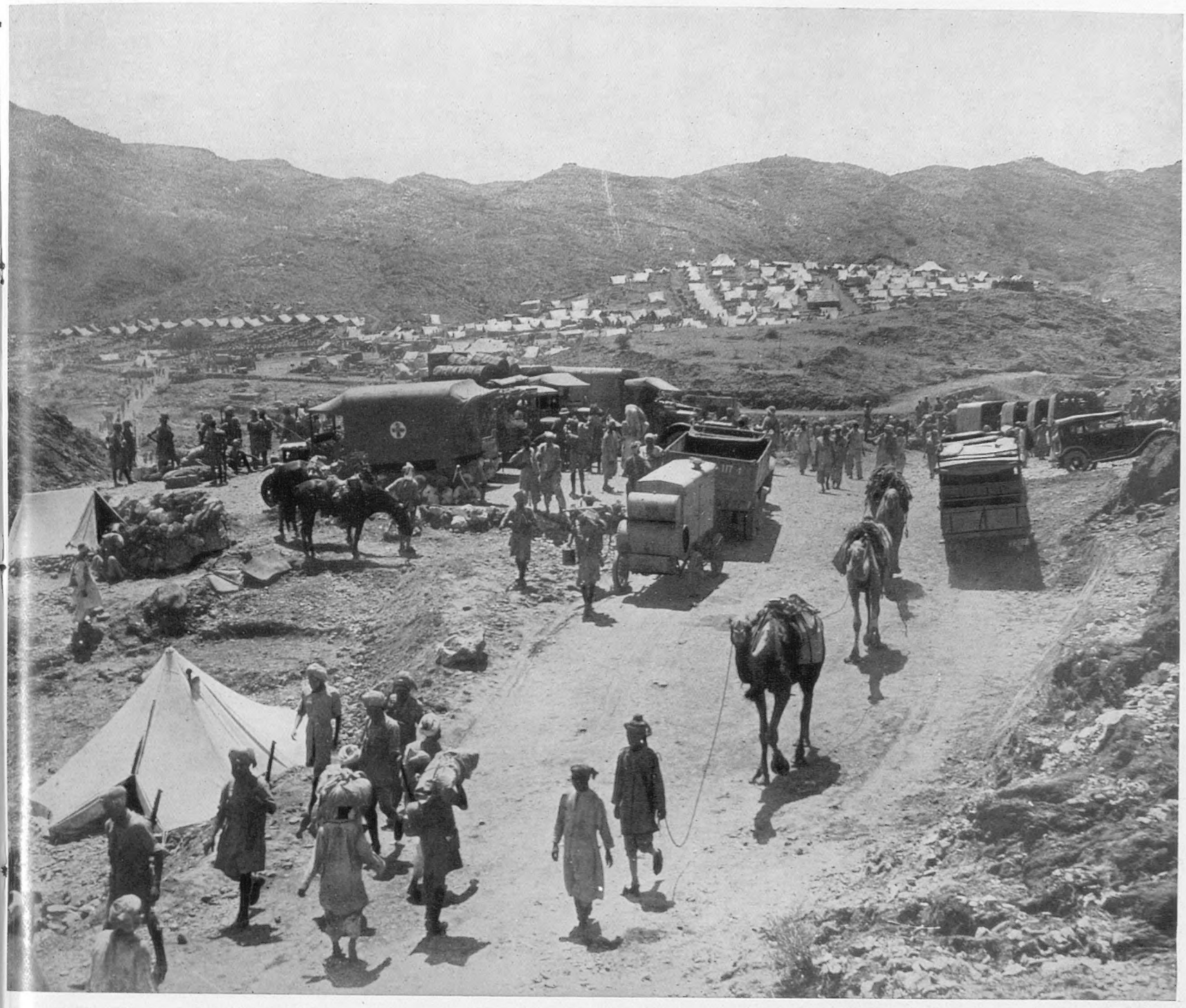
NEAR GHALANAI CAMP: No. 2 Company of the Bengal Sappers and Miners at work on the construction of the new motor road. At the time when this picture was taken the men were in constant danger from Mohmand snipers in the neighbouring hills. Many of the tribesmen have since realized, however, that the road, far from being a cause for resentment, will do much to facilitate communication with Peshawar Market



THE 2nd DERAJAT MOUNTAIN BATTERY AT DAND CAMP: For some days the scene of fierce sniping between the Indian troops and Mohmand tribesmen. The camp here has now been closed and the whole of the Nowshera Brigade column has moved up to join the Peshawar column at Ghalanai

READY FOR ACTION: A machine gun post of the 5/10th Baluch Regiment on the hills above Ghalanai. During Wednesday of last week Indian troops stationed in this district were several times under fire from the still recalcitrant followers of Badshah Gul

While the constitutional future of India remains a bone of contention in home political circles, the Indian Government has demonstrated its ability by prompt action on the North-West Frontier. Burning villages and inter-tribal warfare in the Halimzai country, and the harbouring of plotters in Bajaur, adumbrated a rising of more than the usual proportions. The Upper Mohmands, intent upon plunder, had descended from the Afghan border, and only a little official laxity was needed to allow the whole frontier to become involved in a meaningless and, to the Indian Government, costly war. The invaders, however, were not long in being assured that the British protection guaranteed to the Halimzai was something more than an idle promise. The accompanying series of pictures indicates the outstanding difficulties which the troops have had to encounter in these regions. Surreptitious sniping from the enemy has placed them in constant danger, and it has only been by the building of well-protected camps that they have been able to emerge with so few losses. At the time of going to press, the tribes of the Upper Mohmand are not unanimous for peace, but events are taking a course which, if subject to setbacks, is at least hopeful.



"VICEROY PLATFORM": The name given to the cantonment at the end of the Dand road, which for some weeks formed the main base of the Indian troops' offensive on the Upper Mohmand tribesmen. Recent reports from Peshawar indicate a more settled state of affairs, although a section of the tribe under Badshah Gul, the Haji of Turangzai's son, continue to hamper efforts at securing a lasting peace by the continual sniping of road construction gangs

A NECESSARY PRECAUTION: An officers' tent at Dand Camp showing the stone wall protection against the activities of the keen-eyed Mohmand snipers. The Indian troops on the frontier are in almost constant danger of being "picked off" from the neighbouring heights

THE HEADQUARTERS SIGNAL SECTION AT DAND CAMP: Another aspect of military activity during the "little war" on the frontier. Except for one battalion posted at Rattray, above Dand, the troops are now largely concentrated in Ghalanai, where peace negotiations have been in progress for some time

IN TROUBLED EUROPE

GENERAL GOERING, Premier of Prussia, marching down the ranks of the Steel-helmet and other organizations before entering the New Palais, Potsdam, for the opening of the first session of the Prussian State Council. This is the first experimental advisory body brought into being to supersede democratic Parliamentarism in the Nazi system of leadership

HERR DOLLFUSS seen during his address at the rally of the "Patriotic Front," which opened Vienna's commemoration of the 250th anniversary of Austria's deliverance from the Turks. The Chancellor, who wore the uniform of a lieutenant of the Tyrolese Kaiserschützen, devoted the greater part of his speech to outlining the new programme of national reconstruction and to a declaration of the need for firmness in dealing with Nazi aggression. Later he rode at the head of a torchlight procession from the Prater to the Hofburg, and took the salute of 40,000 members of the Heimwehr. Note in the above picture the "Crutch Cross"—symbol of the "Patriotic Front"

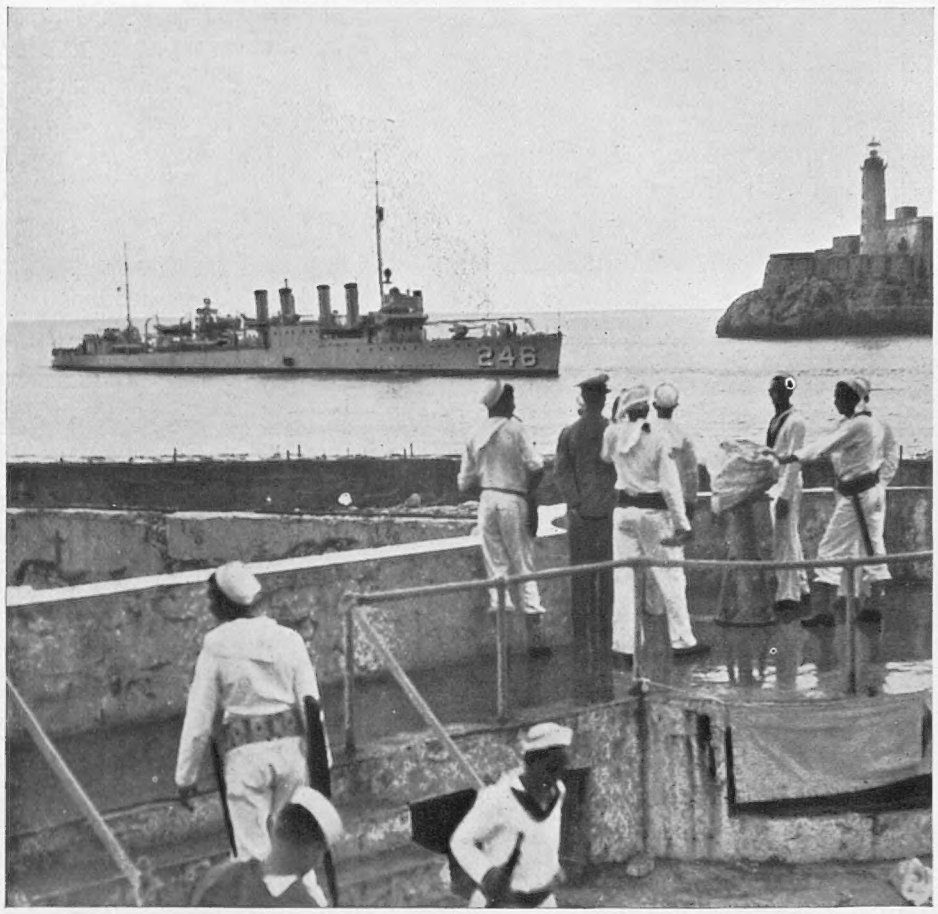
GERMANY'S WINTER RELIEF CAMPAIGN: Dr. Goebbels, Nazi Minister for Propaganda, outlining to members of the Press and the Government the new scheme for assisting the workless. It is proposed that the German people should limit their dinner expenses on the first Sunday of each month to 50 pfennigs and that the difference between that sum and the amount usually expended should be given to a National fund for the unemployed. Among those present were, left to right, Vice-Chancellor von Papen, Dr. Guertner, General von Blomberg, Chancellor Hitler, Dr. Wilhelm Frick, and Dr. Lammers

GENDARMES ARRESTING A ROYALIST DEMONSTRATOR who had greeted M. Herriot with threats and abuse on return from his recent visit to Russia

AN IRISH FREE STATE INFANTRY BATTALION arriving in Phœnix Park, Dublin, after a four hours' route march

THE CUBAN CRISIS CONTINUES

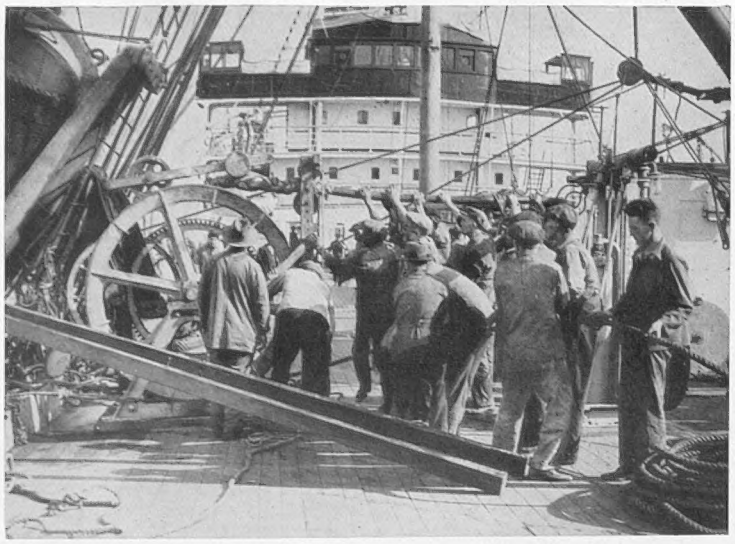
Communist Agitators in Havana



THE UNITED STATES DESTROYER, "BAINBRIDGE," entering Havana Harbour where, with a number of other naval vessels, she has been stationed to await the turn of political events. Caustic comments have been made in the Cuban Press in condemnation of the warship *Richmond* which on September 7 sailed into port without a pilot and with guns ready for action

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FURTHER MOB VIOLENCE: The present Provisional Government at Havana, which at any moment may be forced to leave office, has made strenuous efforts to prevent a repetition of the chaotic conditions which obtained after the downfall of Machado. Soldiers, as the above picture shows, have been posted with machine-guns at numerous vantage points in the city, and the Junta has made repeated wireless appeals to the people to assist in keeping order. It is thought that another outbreak would involve active United States intervention

SUPPRESSING COMMUNIST AGITATORS: A general view of the scene as mounted troops and a lorry-load of police arrived at Central Park, Havana, in order to maintain order at a mass Communist meeting called to protest against the revolutionary Junta, and to agitate for a new Government which would be representative of the military and labouring classes. The redistribution of large estates to the common benefit and State support of the unemployed were also urged. Skilful patrol work and the presence of a formidable array of machine-guns fortunately kept the meeting within bounds



Top—PAYING OUT FROM THE C.S. "DOMINIA" the new St. Margaret's Bay–Calais cable which is to be used by the Post Office for "On Demand Calls" to the Continent. Elaborate machinery has to be employed for controlling it in its passage to the specially designed exit over the bows, while expert engineers keep a constant watch for any "kinks" or "twists" which are likely to occur. *Centre*—Tractors hauling the cable over nearly a mile of sand dunes at Calais. *Below*—Digging a trench for the cable where it leaves the sea on the French coast

LAYING THE ANGLO-FRENCH TELEPHONE CABLE

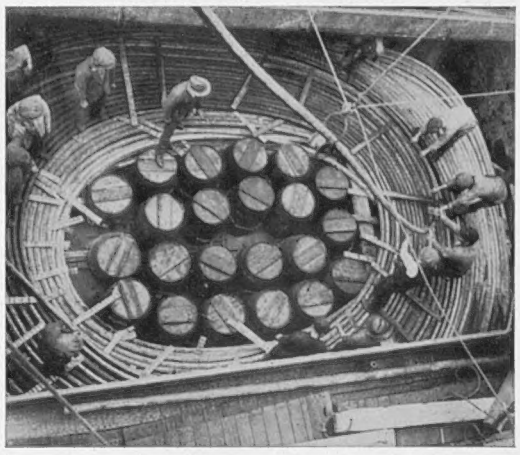
From "The Sphere's" Correspondent on Board C. S. "Dominia"

The main trouble about this cable-laying business is that you are largely at the mercy of two factors which man and science cannot yet completely control, the weather and the tides. It may easily happen that bad weather on the surface holds up the work while day after day of favourable tide conditions, spring or neap as the case may be, slip away. Then the weather clears up and the set of the tides has moved against you to impede the beach and inshore work. However, all troubles, great and small, have been successfully overcome in the case of the new Anglo-French telephone cable, and she lies safely on the ocean-bed not to be seen again, one hopes, for many years.

The cable must not be allowed to lie suspended between two "bumps" on the sea-bed; thus allowance has to be made for laying up-hill and down-hill, so to speak, in accordance with the position of the ship and of the end of the cable. This is highly skilled work and necessitates the master hand of the expert cable engineer on the brakes controlling the speed of the cable.

The deck of a modern cable ship like the *Dominia* presents a spectacle which might well puzzle even an experienced sailor. He would understand, perhaps, the 1-ton buoys and, less readily, some of the elaborate but cunningly contrived contraptions for hoisting the cable from the tanks. But he would almost distrust his eyes at the sight of a fully equipped miniature blacksmith's forge and jointing shop on the main deck. This is used for the most important and critical operation of all, the making of the final splice which leaves the cable lying in a continuous length from end to end.

Tricky work this, unless the ship is riding perfectly steady at anchor during the twelve hours or so that the operation takes. In the case of the present cable the job was finished at 2.30 a.m., and it was a great relief, as it always is, to be able to signal "All Clear," and to proceed to the next job of picking up our buoys, and leaving the Channel as neat and tidy as we found it.



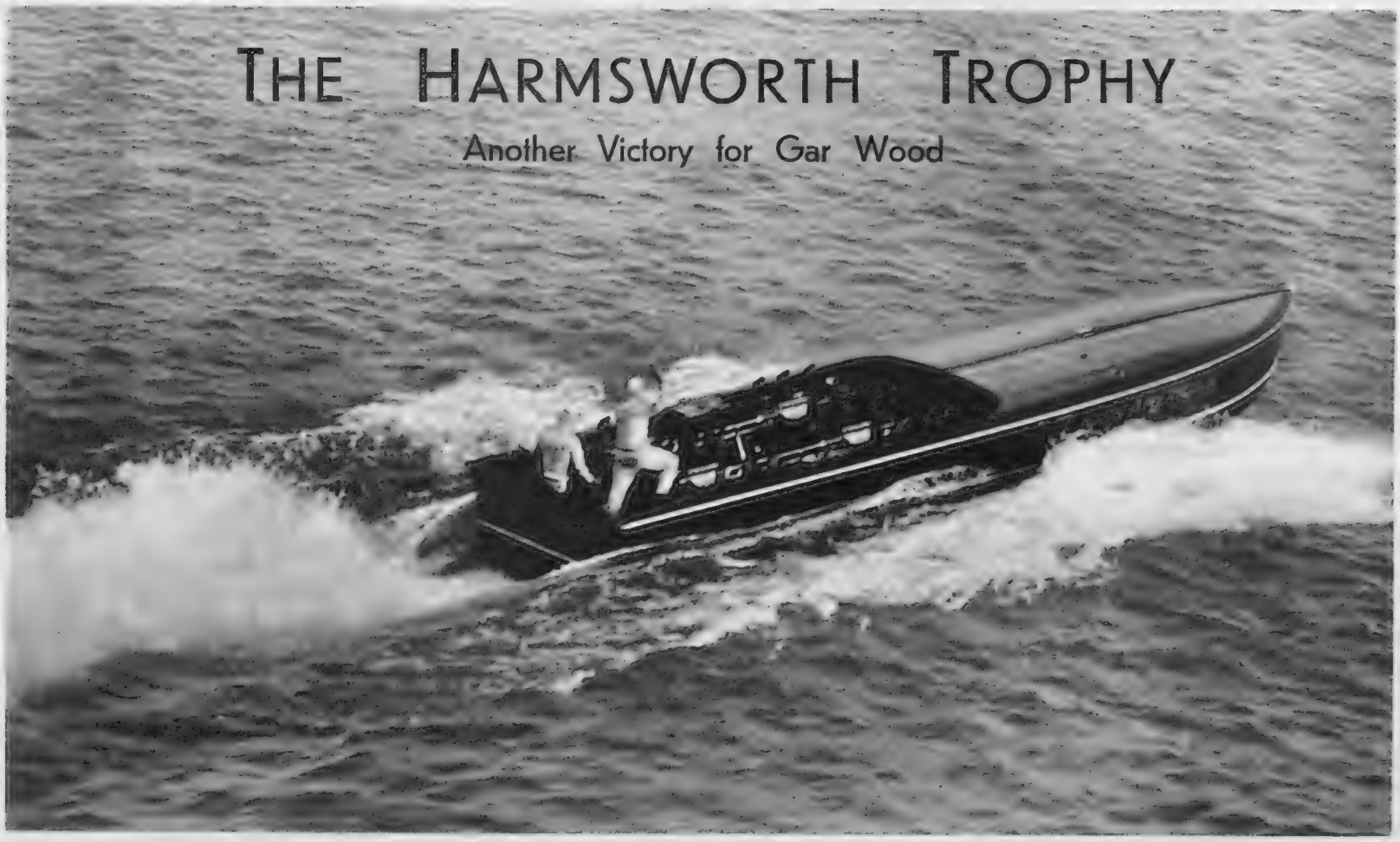
Top—LAYING THE LAND LINE: Workmen engaged on a trench at St. Margaret's Bay where the new telephone cable leaves the British coast. In the background is the C.S. *Dominia*. *Below*—ON BOARD THE "DOMINIA": Paying out the cable during laying operations in the Channel. It is 3 ins. in diameter and weighs nearly 30 tons to the mile and follows exactly the contours of the ocean bed

THE PREMIER AT LEEDS: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with his daughter, Sheila, about to leave Yeadon Aerodrome, Leeds, for London. He had previously broken his journey from Lossiemouth to meet his granddaughter, the month-old baby of his daughter, Mrs. Alastair Mackinnon. The Premier has been busily engaged this week on the Anglo-French Disarmament discussions

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SCOTLAND: H.R.H., who has recently been enjoying a quiet holiday in Biarritz, travelled in a "sleeper" from London and arrived in Aberdeen on Monday morning. He is seen above leaving Ballater Station for Balmoral with Captain the Lord Claud Hamilton (Equerry in Waiting to the King)

THE HARMSWORTH TROPHY

Another Victory for Gar Wood

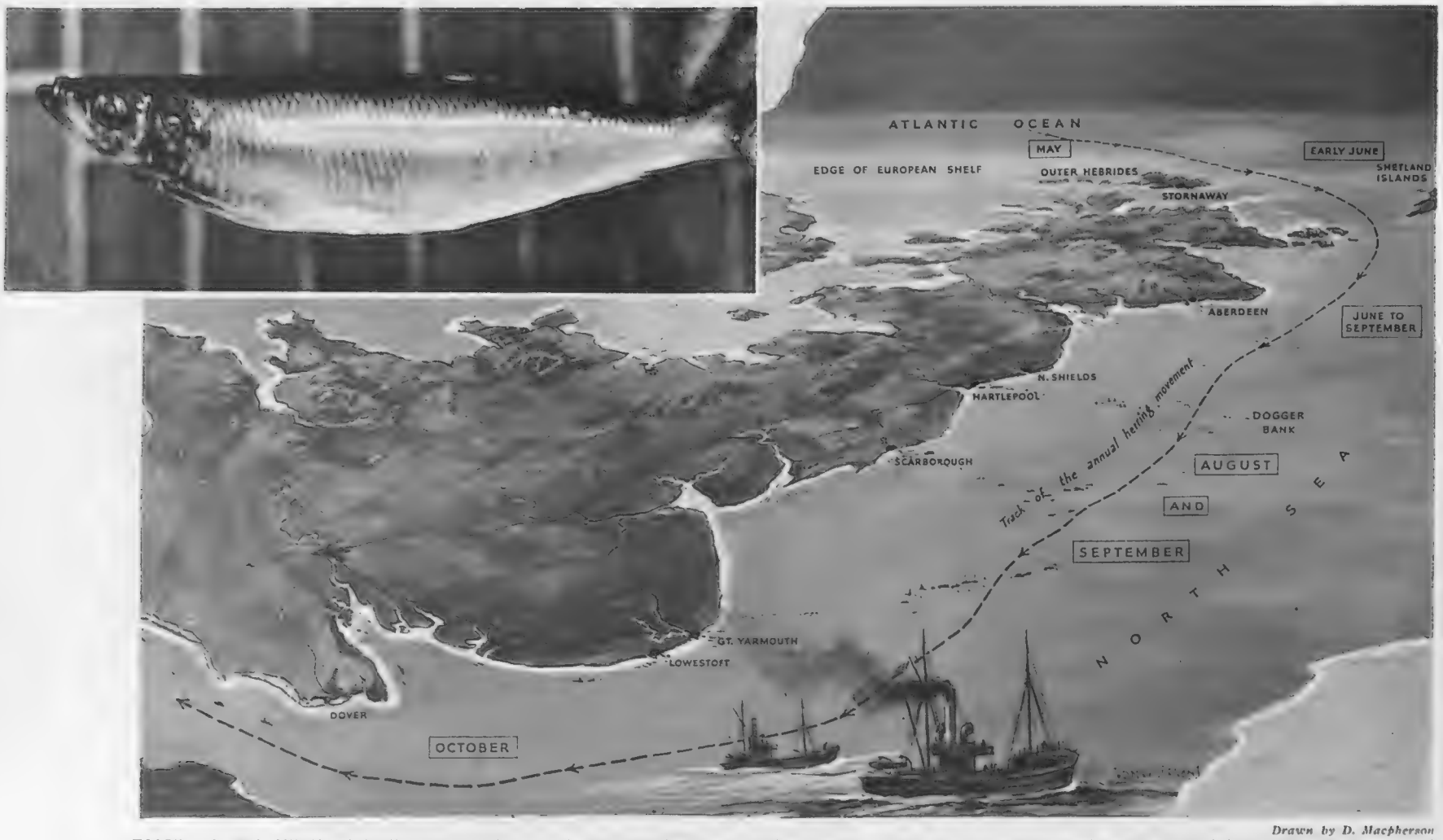


"MISS AMERICA X" CROSSES THE FINISHING LINE WITH A LEAD OF HALF-A-MILE TO RETAIN THE TROPHY FOR AMERICA

Commodore Gar Wood, the veteran American speed-boat champion, and his mechanic, Johnson, waving to the crowd after winning the Harmsworth Trophy on the St. Clair River at Algonac, near Detroit. In spite of an excellent performance by Mr. Hubert Scott Paine, driver of *Miss Britain III*, the American, with his greater knowledge of the course and more powerful engines, once again succeeded in retaining what has become for Britain an elusive prize. *Miss America X* has four Packard engines of 7,000 to 8,000 h.p. and weighs about 7 tons, while the British boat has a single 1,375 h.p. Napier engine and weighs little more than 30 cwt. Considering this wide discrepancy in power, it was all the more surprising that in the final day's racing Mr. Scott Paine only lost by half-a-mile and averaged 85·789 knots to Commodore Gar Wood's 86·937. In the above picture the American boat is beginning to slow down, but it will be noted that even at forty or fifty knots she creates a big vacuum in her stern

CANOE RACING: Mr. Uffa Fox of Great Britain crossing the line at Bayside, Long Island, United States, after making a successful bid for the International Challenge Cup

FINALE: *La Tosca* making good headway under favourable conditions at the Hoylake Sailing Club's last race of the season on Sunday, September 10



Drawn by D. Macpherson

TRACK OF THE ANNUAL HERRING MOVEMENT: A diagram showing the clockwise direction taken by the herring shoals as they travel down the eastern coasts of Britain. Fishing begins in Stornoway at the end of May and, as the herring move slowly southward, each port can usually tell at exactly what time to begin its activities in the fishing grounds. Changing currents and the temperature of the sea, however, will often deviate the herrings from their course and so impoverish many of those who depend for their livelihood upon the harvest

THE MYSTERIOUS HERRING

The Problem of Distribution in the Fishing Grounds

By W. B. JEPSON

The recent dearth of herrings off the Hartlepools, associated with big catches at North Shields, may at first sight seem one of those inscrutable mysteries that periodically astonish those who can claim some knowledge of the harvest of the sea. A brief study, however, of the factors affecting the distribution of herrings may shed some light upon a problem which for years has been a puzzling feature of this all-important trade.

Herrings appear on the fishing grounds around these islands in a regular cycle which goes clockwise about our coasts. Stornoway fishing begins in May, Shetland in early June; the east coast of Scotland ports are busy from June to September, followed in August and September by the fishery off Shields, Hartlepool, and Scarborough. October ushers in the great East Anglian season, when the herring fishery is worth no less than a million to Yarmouth alone. Failure of the herrings is a misfortune affecting thousands of workers.

The herring is a sensitive fish which declines to yield all the secrets of its under-water life, despite years of research at marine biological stations. It succumbs under conditions which leave other fish unharmed. For example, the marine biologist by catching and marking plaice can determine the growth and migrations of this fish when next it is netted. By careful tabulation of his findings the biologist can learn much, but herrings will not survive such experiments, and so the research worker must fall back on the analysis of samples and catches.

Science has not been slow, despite such difficulties, to evolve many technical methods of elucidating the herrings' movements. By counting the rings on their scales under the microscope, it is possible to tell their age. Should one season yield an abundance of four-year-old herrings, it is safe to assume that the next season will afford good catches of five- and six-year-old fish, big six-year-old herrings being exceptionally valuable.

Changing currents, food supplies, and sea temperature may all combine to drive herrings mysteriously from one locality to another. They are known to dislike masses of small marine creatures, known from their appearance as "baccy juice"; as such masses may extend for 150 miles, they are quite capable of driving the herring shoals elsewhere. It is certain that herrings avoid immense areas where such obnoxious organisms are present. Probably it is trouble from this source that is causing the serious scarcity off the Hartlepools.

Nor is the herring a single species such as we are familiar with on the fishmonger's slab. There are many kinds of herrings difficult to distinguish one from another. But the most important factors are the position and type of the minute organisms upon which herrings feed. These are known collectively as plankton, which in turn feed upon vegetable plankton. The animal plankton pass the vitamin A through a series of fish of ascending size, such as caplin and herring. Cod, preying upon herring, store the vitamin in enormous quantities in their livers, and so it is by the agency of the herring that we are enabled to secure the benefits of cod-liver oil. The food of the herring then is of twofold importance, and much has been learnt about it by intensive study.

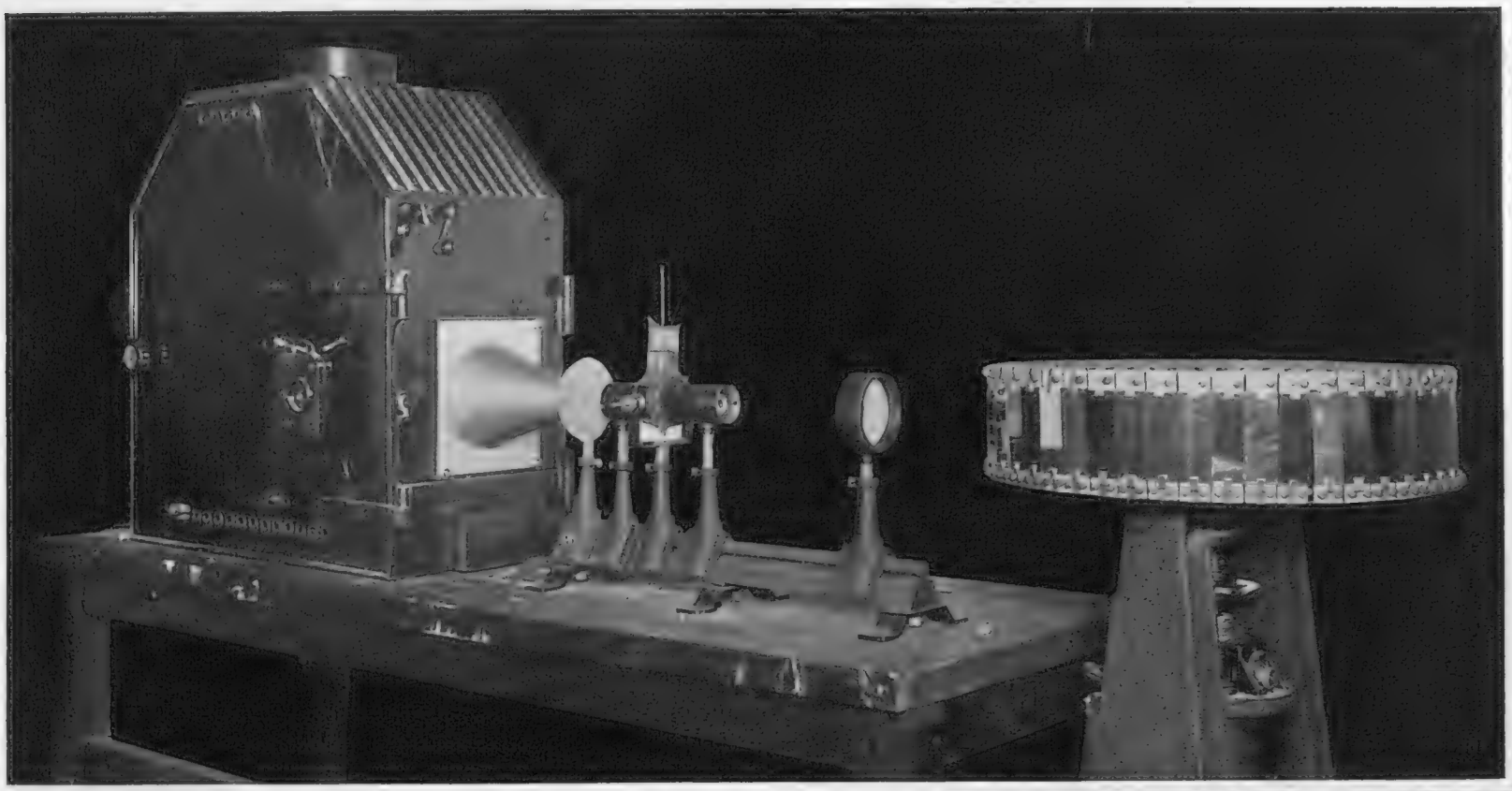
Vessels fitted with a kind of torpedo containing a gauze disc have carried out experiments over certain areas of the sea with astonishing results. Localities in the ocean can be defined where herring food and feeding herrings are both abundant. Roughly, a green film on the disc or plane means no herring food, but a pink film of plankton signifies abundance for herrings. Examination of the food and of the ensuing catches corresponded to a surprising extent. Where the food value measured less than 500 units, the average catch was little more than ten crans of herrings. More food, however, resulted in far bigger catches until fishermen, working where food reached 30,000 units, had average catches up to forty-five crans. The "Continuous Plankton Recorder" is a more elaborate instrument of a kindred nature. It resembles the ordinary photographic film on two spools as found in a box camera. It slowly unwinds when towed behind a steamer, recording the quantity and variety of plankton found over a 400-mile course. This instrument will probably save millions of pounds and many nights of profitless fishing. There is little doubt that it would yield information on the herring scarcity off the Hartlepools.

Another cause of a fish shortage is generally cold in the breeding season. Ordinary climatic conditions have nothing to do with this, for the temperature of the sea at 10 ft. below the surface rarely varies more than two or three degrees winter or summer. However, the herring famine of 1921 was undoubtedly caused by a rush of Atlantic water into the North Sea with a wide disturbance of the movements of the plankton masses. Rough seas do not affect herrings because they spend their lives at too deep a level.

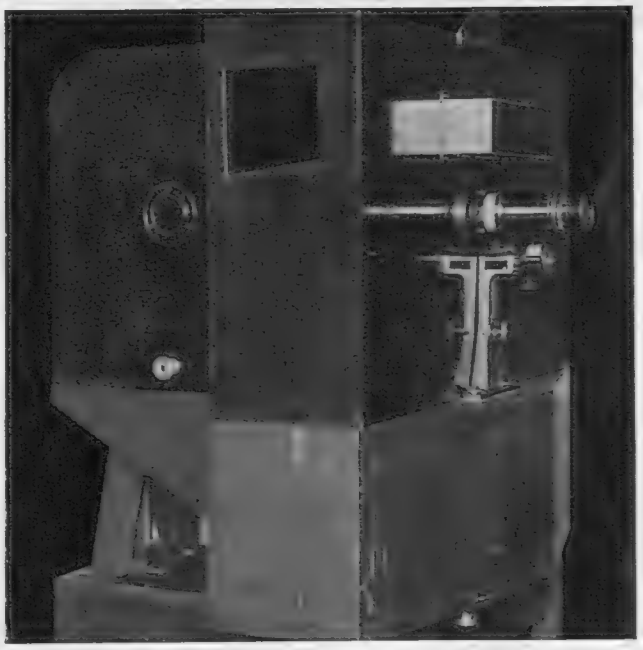
"Finding fish," especially herrings, has always been a speculative undertaking. Before now herrings have suddenly left the Dutch coasts where for years they yielded immense profit. But they have since been found in other places, yet nobody can definitely explain why they forsake one locality for another, unless by assuming that the herring invariably follows its food. Once the shoals have been located it is possible to estimate future supplies by investigating the ages of the fish composing those shoals. Now that so many ships are motor-driven or oil-fuelled, pollution of the sea by oil may be at work driving herrings from their usual haunts. Whatever causes actually underlie the fluctuating migrations of herrings, the recent big catches at North Shields must now be especially welcome after the remarkable scarcity in 1932 when landings were less than half those of the previous year and the lowest over a period of ten years.

WAITING FOR WORK: "Herring gutters" at one of the East Coast ports. Nearly all the girls come from Northern Scotland

NEW DEVELOPMENTS in TELEVISION RESEARCH

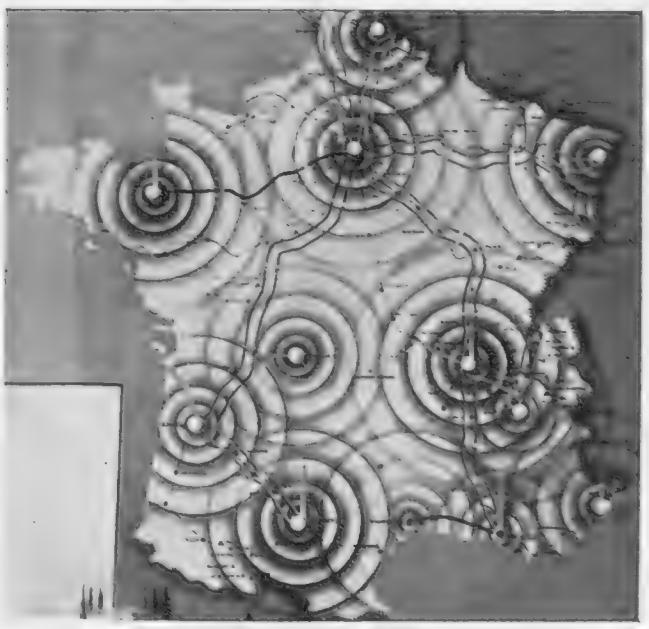


MARCONI'S LATEST: The elaborate optical system of the Marconi Television Receiver, which was demonstrated before the British Association at Leicester a few days ago. The parts from left to right are in this order: A powerful arc lamp in the cabinet; the Kerr cell which vibrates the light from the arc lamp in accordance with the electrical impulses received from the distant television transmitter; the condenser lens which then concentrates the vibrating beam upon the mirror wheel on the extreme right, which revolves at high speed (fifty times per second at the Leicester demonstration). This wheel throws the modulated light upon a screen up to 5 ft. square and thus co-ordinates the televised image



MARCONI TELEVISION TRANSMITTER SCANNING HEAD: This picture shows (at rear) the arc chamber with its powerful arc lamp and (front) the cabinet containing the transmitter scanning disc and the "monitoring" equipment by means of which the transmitted picture can be constantly examined during the actual process of transmission. Projecting from the front of the scanning disc cabinet is the telephoto lens which is directed on the subject undergoing the "scanning." "Scanning" may be roughly defined as the process of breaking up the image into lines or dots suitable for operating the photo-electric cell in the transmitter

A MARCONI MARVEL: The curiously shaped Parabolic aerial used in connection with the new Marconi micro-wave transmitting set which is being erected on the roof of "Electra House"—the new London headquarters of the company



FRANCE'S BROADCASTING STATIONS: An interesting diagram from the Paris Radio Exhibition at the Grand Palais

Television experiments by research engineers of the Marconi Company have been a special feature of this year's British Association meeting at Leicester. Demonstrations were given in the projection of television images on a screen four feet square—an advance which clearly indicates the future possibilities of the Marconi system for public entertainment. For the first time an exhibition has been given of television by means of a directed light beam. This was used as the link between the television transmitter and receiver in place of the normal radio or wire link.

The "Marconi light beam link" apparatus illustrated in the accompanying pictures has already been demonstrated as a medium for telephony. It consists of a transmitter in which the electrical impulses corresponding to the television picture signals are converted into light impulses through the operation of a specially designed sodium tube mounted in a searchlight fitting and a new type of photo-cell receiver. The latter reconverts the modulated light impulses into terms of electric current and thus operates the television receiver in the normal way.

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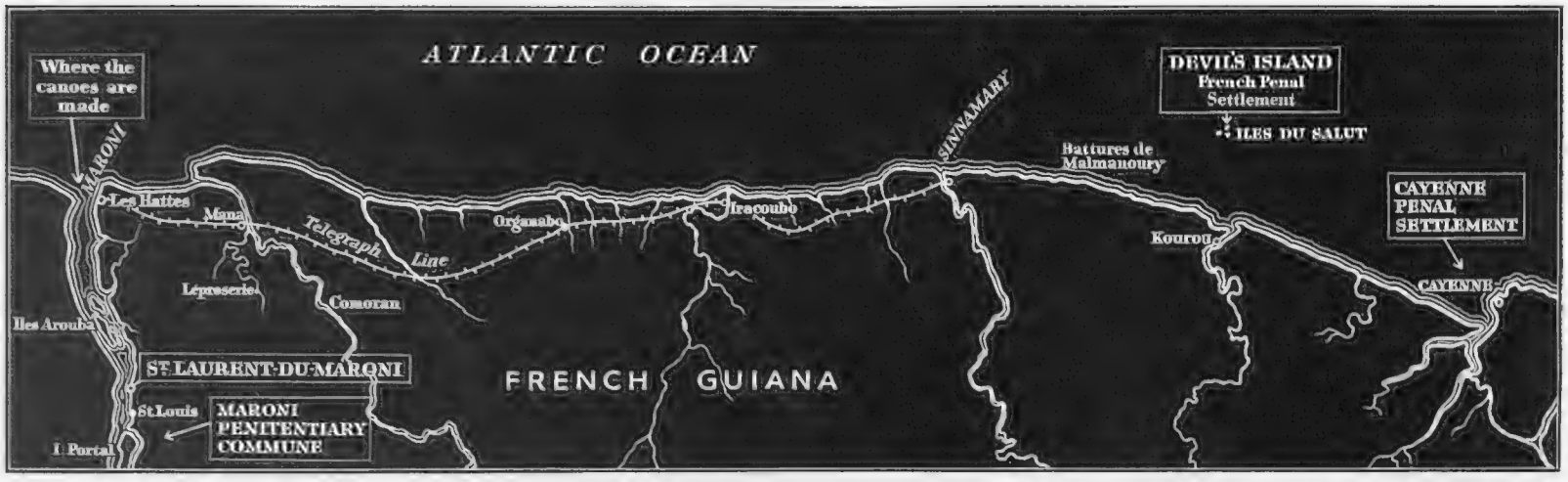


THE PENAL SETTLEMENTS OF FRENCH GUIANA: Sketch map showing the relative positions of St. Laurent-du-Maroni, Devil's Island (Isles du Salut group), and Cayenne. At the mouth of the Maroni River, on left, natives are almost continuously at work building canoes for convicts who intend to attempt escape

FRANCE'S CONVICT SETTLEMENTS

An Avalanche of Escapes that is Rapidly Denuding of Prisoners the French Penal Colonies at Cayenne and St. Laurent-du-Maroni

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

France has long visited upon herself two institutions which, rightly or wrongly, have done her a deal of harm in alien eyes: the Foreign Legion and the Cayenne penal settlement. The first of these is apparently, now that North African "pacification" draws to its appointed close, to be pruned and pruned, while all-comers will no longer be accepted, the intention being to substitute a restricted unit that has been through a sieve for the swollen corps that has had such bad publicity. With regard to what is popularly regarded as "Devil's Island," no similar action of reform has as yet been foreshadowed, but that the existing state of affairs can run on much longer is, on the face of it, extremely doubtful. A situation has arisen locally which no Power, responding to the classification "first-class," can afford to see endure.

Not to put too fine an edge on matters, the penal colony, which should be composed of some six thousand of the worst French criminals, is slowly but steadily disbanding of itself. Nothing like it can ever have been witnessed before. At the present rate of escape the settlement should be entirely denuded of prisoners five or six years from now. No one believes that such will occur, of course, but I am going on figures supplied in reliable quarters and also taking into account the two to three thousand fresh convicts that in the normal course of events will be shipped from France between now and 1939.

The exact number of escapes being effected with such apparent impunity can only be known to the penal authorities on the spot, and they are not saying much these times. It is of common occurrence to read in the newspapers of escapes by parties of six, eight, ten. Colonel Mavrogordato, our Trinidad Police Chief, reports the landing of ninety last "season"—mostly in April to November, circumstances of weather confining the attempts to this period—and there is every sign his report will show heavier figures for the "season" under way. And, needless to say, Trinidad is only one, if the most in favour, of a whole collection of islands and coasts within striking distance of Cayenne. The highest total figures given are those in the weekly review, *Marianne*, which writes: "A hundred convicts have escaped from Cayenne in less than three months and everyone professes surprise that it should be so easy! The truth is that the number of convicts who succeed in getting away is far higher than that published. The average of escapes at Cayenne and St. Laurent-du-Maroni is from five to eight a day."

What lies behind this astonishing avalanche, so suspiciously sudden in its appearance and growth? There always were escapes, but no more than thirty or forty a year, nothing at all approaching the present drain. What is going to be done about this? One may be moved to mirth at first; or perhaps to sympathy with the success of a sporting enterprise. That does not alter two considerations—one, international; the other, domestic to France. Preponderantly, these men are the most dangerous types of vice-ridden murderers, bandits, and kindred major criminals. But for the guillotine being currently reserved for a paltry twenty heads a year or so, many must have fallen to "the widow," and would have done in other days. Now, behold them being let loose again upon the world, some of them after having served only a few months of their sentences. As regards the domestic issue, it need not be stressed that serious crime will show no decline in France—where there are already several times over as many murders as in England—so long as condemned men are able to look forward with such certainty to escaping, once at Cayenne.

I hesitate to do it, but there's no way out: our present tale, unavoidably and insistently, like everything else, is traceable back to the world depression. A business of escape has been set on foot with ramifications in Cayenne itself and in France. The *crise* at the former is so very severe. There is a complete slump in regard to the few modest exports for which the colony budgets. The gaolers who did business on the side lines are hit with the rest of the community (it is ominously asked whether the escapes are the result of "a derisory surveyance"). The escape business is apparently the one local commerce now thriving. In St. Laurent Bay natives hammer away fashioning the canoes which the fugitives must have to make their get-away. There is no other known need for the building. Similarly, special iron rations for the arduous flight, which may take as long as a month, are "going big," as also are firearms and hatchets for hacking through the strangling vegetation. And then, to top things, there's money to be earned from the would-be fugitives for co-operating in their plans. The desperadoes get this money sent by friends or relatives in France to residents in Cayenne, and so over to themselves. Or they may steal it from companions. They used to be able to earn something by working for their gaolers, but such sources have diminished.

Escapes, as now being organized with the frequency of summer cruises, cost between £20 and £30 (at par), and as parties usually leave six or eight or even ten together the individual outlay is reduced to a mere £3 or £4, meaning that escape is now within the reach of quite modest purses. The canoe comes to £6 or £7. To this must be added £2 or £3 for the Indian and Chinese boatmen who guide the convicts out to the open sea. The balance goes on provisions, tobacco, and arms.

A large proportion of those who escape are what are called "doublards," and here again enters the depression. These men have served their sentences but must remain in the colony a like period further (i.e., a man sent for the minimum of eight years to Cayenne actually must remain there sixteen years). The second spell is at liberty, so-called, but the poor fever-wasted wretches never could find much to live by and since the *crise* have been akin to starving dogs in the gutter. So it is hinted that the penal authorities may be winking at the regular and frequent "departure" of these human dregs as lightening the local situation.

In fact, it looks as if there's a good deal of winking since heretofore runaways used to be caught with far greater regularity than is now the case. Escape from the three islands is practically impossible. From the mainland itself the perils and difficulties are, or were, enormous. The actual get-away can be easy . . . with the gaoler looking the other way. The convicts are in palisaded camps in virgin forest and a dash of 200 yards suffices to render them invisible. But there's danger of snake-bite and of losing one's way, also of being attacked by near-savages or wild animals, not to mention the pursuit by fellow convicts armed with rifles and following in the wake of yelping dogs or else taking the direction given by natives who receive head-money. After that comes trial by water in frail and exposed canoes, and sharks ever waiting. It is computed that between 6,000 and 8,000 canoes of fugitives have been lost since the penal settlement was founded fifty or sixty years ago.

However, just these times the fugitives are winning hands down. . . .

Where do they get to, fetch up?

These charming gentry, whom France is unable to retain in custody, distribute themselves wherever they can in the Caribbean and among the smaller South American Republics. Several places won't have them any more. Venezuela claps them in prison. Usually, Colombia is the place they try to get to, but they must have 400 dollars in order to be able to land there. So a good many of them make for Trinidad first, as a half-way house. Particularly is this the case since the Privy Council ruled that they cannot be returned to Cayenne under the present

(*Continued on p.* 498)

PAYING THE PENALTY: Convict lumber-jacks working in the yards at St. Laurent-du-Maroni

THE GALLEY SLAVES OF DEVIL'S ISLAND: A party of convicts, specially picked for their outstanding physical strength, who man the boats plying between the Isles du Salut group and the mainland

THE GRAVEYARD OF CAYENNE: The temporary graves of convicts who have died during their incarceration in the French penal settlement. On Devil's Island the bodies are usually fed to the sharks

NEWS FROM THE U.S.

AMERICA'S PLAN TO RESTORE PROSPERITY: A view of the vast audience which gathered round the great Hall of Science at the Chicago World's Fair to hear General Hugh S. Johnson speak on behalf of the National Recovery Administration (N.R.A.). The General predicted that the nation will have overcome the depression by winter, provided every industrialist rallies to the cause and supports the new programme of shorter hours and more employees

TRAGEDY ON THE RAILROAD: A section of the great crowd which gathered round the track at Binghampton, New York State, after the rear coaches of the crack "Atlantic Express" had been telescoped as the result of a collision with the locomotive of a local milk train. Fourteen persons were killed and several hundred others were more or less seriously injured

PROFESSOR MOLEY (centre), until lately Assistant Secretary of State in the Roosevelt Administration, conferring in Mr. Astor's New York office on plans for the new national weekly of which he is to become editor. His views, which do not entirely coincide with those of the President, will be a leading feature of the paper

THE ROMANCE OF A PEOPLE: Members of the great amateur cast rehearsing, at the 165th Regiment Armoury in New York, the musical and dramatic pageant depicting forty centuries of Jewish history. Over 6,200 actors, singers, and dancers are taking part

A NEW WARSHIP: H.M.S. *Leith* leaving the slipway at Devonport Dockyard

THE FUTURE OF

Its Present Inadequate its Dangers Emphasized

By FRANK

The year 1936 will see the end of the international agreement for the limitation in naval armaments which was established in the Treaty of Washington and supplemented, as far as Great Britain, Japan, and the United States were concerned, by the Treaty of London. Everybody in the least interested in naval affairs is now asking what will follow, and frankly the prospect is very disquieting. Across the Pacific the two great Naval Powers are growling at one another and their attitude makes it very doubtful whether it is possible to arrange an extension of the treaty, while British interests in the Pacific are so vast that we have to watch developments there.

On the other hand the fact that France and Italy refused to sign the Treaty of London, which very strictly limited British cruiser construction, adds another danger to our overseas food supplies which will have to be taken into consideration. No sane person at the present time wants to build up armaments beyond the limits of absolute necessity, but the parlous condition to which Britain's food supply fell during the war, when we had a Navy that was far and away the biggest in the world and the support of numerous allies, showed clearly the danger line as far as Britain was concerned. It is quite useless to close one's eyes to the fact that the country can be starved out in a matter of weeks, and that we were on the verge of being starved out during one period of the last war.

In the discussions for a scheme of limitation to follow the Washington Treaty therefore, assuming that Japan and the United States are willing to discuss the matter at all, a cruiser force which is sufficient to protect the country's food supplies is absolutely essential, quite apart from the ships which are bound to be absorbed screening the battle squadrons and supporting the flotillas. The unfortunate thing is that Britain having given so much to the foreign Powers in previous discussions, any attempt to insist on this very necessary standard is bound to get us condemned as militaristic in anti-British circles. In no circumstances must this be permitted to intimidate our delegates into giving away the security of the people's existence.

But assuming that, as is quite possible, the other Powers refuse to go further with a policy that cannot be described as a success in any circumstances, the question arises as to what Britain will do then. At the present time our cruiser fleet, cut far below the real necessities of the nation by the Treaty of London, only maintains its unsatisfactory standard of numbers by the inclusion of several ships which are beyond the age limit mutually agreed upon, many of which in any circumstances were built for quite different purposes, and, although they have been sent to the distant stations in default of something better, are really unsuitable for commerce protection. Fortunately we have the historic precedent of the Naval Defence Acts to show what can be done in such circumstances, and we also have the experience of those measures to show the errors which we will have to avoid at all costs.

The peace-time history of the Royal Navy has been, as far back as one can find records, a series of scares which have each contrived, at very heavy expense it is true, to rectify for the time being the faults that regularly showed themselves through the neglect of our rulers and their lack of appreciation of the country's real needs. One of the worst of these scares was in 1885, when our relations with Russia suddenly became very tense and it was realized that our all-important trade lanes, less important then than they are now, were really at the mercy of the fine corsair cruisers which the Russian Navy had built, backed by the auxiliaries of the Russian Volunteer Fleet which came into existence when we baulked her ambitions with regard to Constantinople.

This panic led to the passing of the Naval Defence Act in 1885 which allayed public apprehension for the time being. Under it a certain number of small cruisers were built, the Navy soon learned how faulty was their design and how useless

BRITAIN'S NAVAL

According to the ideas of the Admiralty staff Britain's absolute requirements with regard to cruisers amount to **seventy units.** Under political pressure the irreducible minimum was placed at **fifty units** shortly before the London Disarmament Conference. This minimum was generally regarded as being too low, yet when the main Washington Treaty lapses in 1936 no fewer than **fourteen** of our fifty will be beyond, in many cases well beyond, the maximum effective life of a cruiser laid down by international agreement.

Taking cruisers mounting 6·1-in. guns or under, a type which is essentially defensive and particularly important to Britain for the protection of food supplies, the London Treaty allowance of

A BRITISH DESTROYER encounters heavy weather on her way to join the Atlantic Fleet at Gibraltar. They have many functions to-day

THE HOME FLEET'S FAREWELL TO ADMIRAL SIR JOHN KELLY: The flagship H.M.S. *Nelson* with the retiring Commander on board, passing H.M.S. *Furious* off Portland, Dorset

BRITISH CRUISER

The Situation at the Out

	1914	1933
HOME WATERS, for "screening" service with the Battle Squadrons, Scouting, etc., in full commission and in reserve:—		
(a) Cruisers - - -	*65	22
(b) Smaller cruising ships	2	8
MEDITERRANEAN:		
(a) Cruisers - - -	*8	7
(b) Smaller cruising ships	Nil	1

THE BRITISH NAVY

Strength Examined, and by an Historic Parallel

C. BOWEN

they would have been for their definite purpose in time of war, and arrangements were made to convert the crack British liners into mercantile auxiliaries. It needed the Great War to show that a merchantman could never be made into an efficient cruiser from the British point of view, although for the purposes of our enemies, commerce raiding, and the like she could do a lot of work. In any circumstances the programme under the Act was not a large one, but the authorities found great difficulty in securing the delivery of the necessary guns and the completion of many ships was considerably delayed.

Before all the ships built under the previous Act had hoisted the pennant those who had taken the trouble to inform themselves of the real state of the Navy were really as anxious as they had been before. It is true that Russia had drawn in her horns, but that was only because she was not yet ready for her purpose, and both in that country and France the thoughts of the naval student were steadily turned to the vulnerability of British commerce. This resulted in a large number of cruisers being built both for the French and Russian Navies—cruisers that were infinitely faster, better protected, and better armed than their British contemporaries which were supposed to be able to keep our merchant ships secure. The very best that we had for the purpose, and they were few in number, had little hope of being able to catch the French or Russian corsairs even in the most favourable circumstances, and still less hope of destroying them if they did come up.

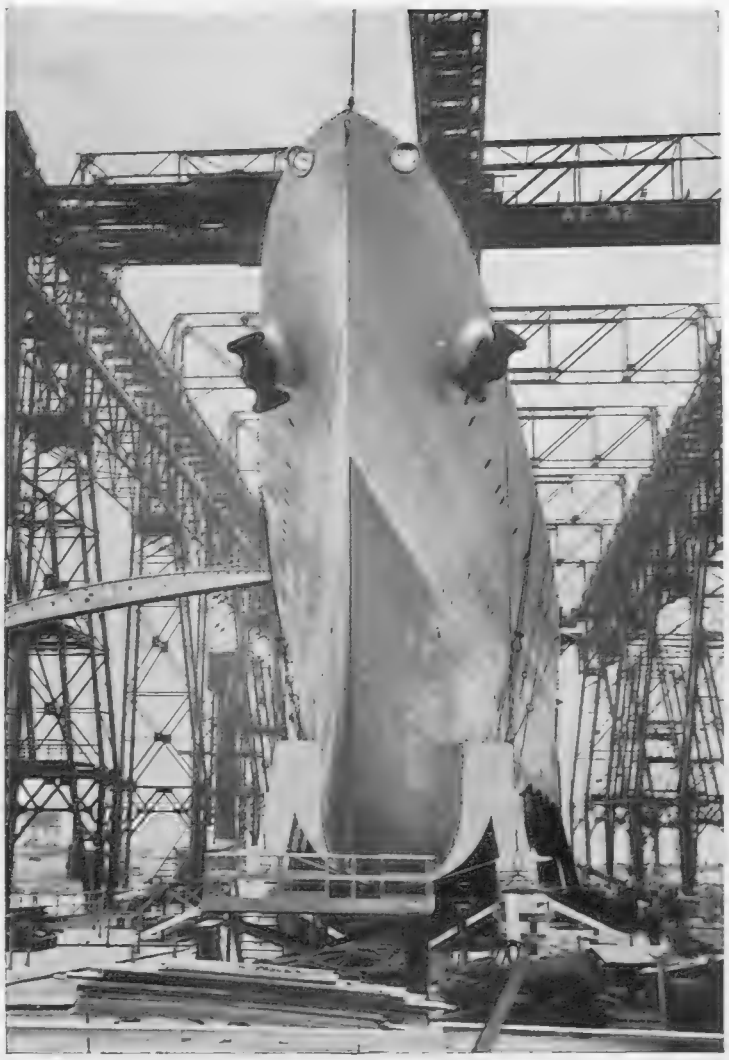
So the famous Naval Defence Act of 1889 was passed which put the Royal Navy on to a satisfactory footing and which saved us, for the time being at least, from any interference by Continental Powers. The country was thoroughly roused by the obvious danger, and the matter went through Parliament with little trouble, providing for thirty-eight ships to be built at the Royal Dockyards at an estimated cost of £11,500,000, to come out of the Naval Estimates, and a further thirty-two to be built by contract at an estimated cost of £10,000,000 raised by loan and placed at the disposal of the Admiralty by Act of Parliament. Never before had the British Navy made such an effort in time of peace, and the impression made on the Continent was infinitely greater than that of any number of peace gestures which are not reciprocated.

The programme consisted of eight first-class battleships of the *Royal Sovereign* class, admittedly the finest capital ships in the world of their day, two second-class battleships given a sufficiently light draught to pass through the Suez Canal for Imperial defence, no fewer than forty-two cruisers of the first, second and third class and eighteen torpedo gunboats. The last-named may be dismissed very briefly; they were originally designed for the purpose of running down and destroying the torpedo boats which had then become a menace to the capital ships, but had proved themselves so utterly incapable of doing this duty except in heavy weather and the most favourable circumstances that there was a temptation to use them for cruiser duties—duties for which they were so obviously unfitted that their failure was all the more marked.

The cruiser programme was the most interesting. Four of them were known as third-class cruisers, having a displacement of just over 2,500 tons only, on which their designers had contrived to get a maximum speed of 19 knots, quite a thick protective deck and a battery of eight 4·7-in. guns, machine guns and torpedo tubes. It was really crowding far too much on to a small displacement, and although they had their uses in narrow waters they were not particularly successful even for that. They were useless for the main business of trade and Imperial protection.

The twenty-nine second-class protected cruisers were the real backbone of the fleet and it was

(Continued on p. 498)



THE AMERICAN CRUISER "MINNEAPOLIS" nearing completion in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. She is the second vessel to bear this name and the thirteenth U.S. cruiser laid down under the provisions of the Washington and London Naval Treaties

REQUIREMENTS

192,200 tons is regarded as far below our real requirements. In December 1936, making no allowance for accidents, we will only have 39,980 tons of existing ships of this class within the agreed age limit, and only 52,400 tons now building which will be completed or within a reasonable distance of completion—92,380 tons in all at the most optimistic estimate.

In the absence of cruisers many cruiser duties must be undertaken by destroyers to the best of their ability. Of the 150,000 tons of destroyers which we are allowed under the London Treaty only 48,040 of our existing ships will be under the age limit in December 1936. Nineteen units only, of about 26,000 tons in all, are under construction.

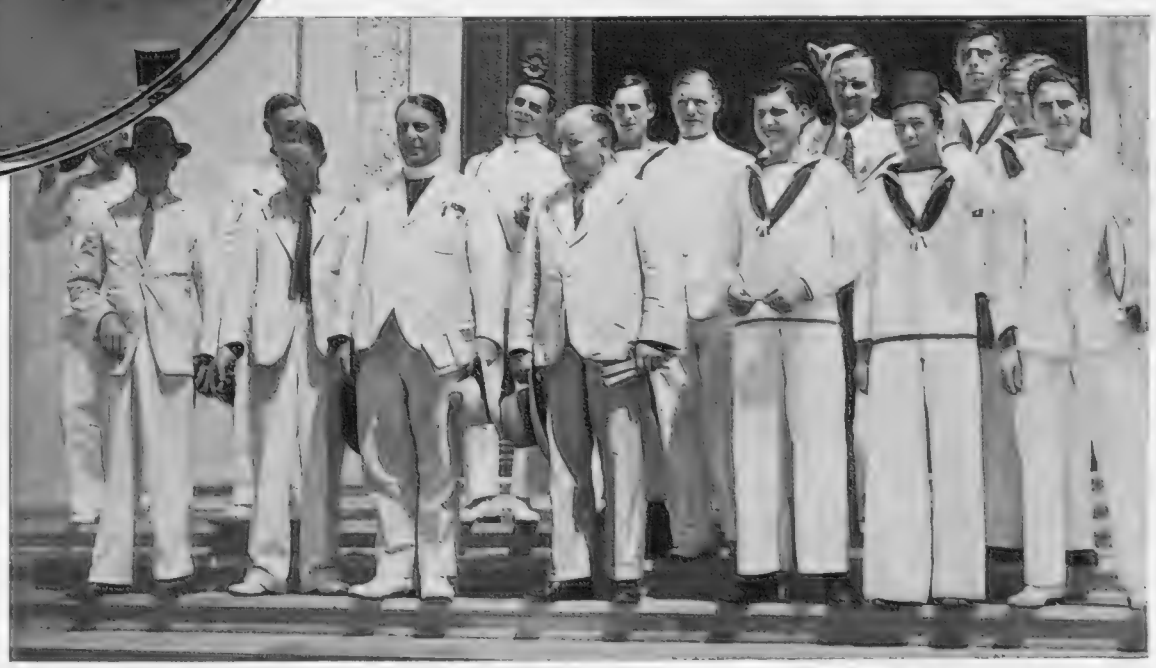
BRITISH CRUISERS AT STOCKHOLM: H.M.S. *Cairo* and H.M.S. *York* (background) on a summer visit to Sweden

FORCE, 1914–1933

break of War and To-day

	1914	1933
SOUTH AND WEST AFRICA:		
(a) Cruisers - - -	3	2
(b) Smaller cruising ships	1	4
NORTH AMERICA AND WEST INDIES:		
(a) Cruisers - - -	*5	3
(b) Smaller cruising ships	2	2

* The 1914 figures include armoured cruisers with thick belts and guns up to 9·2-in.



IN CAIRO: Officers and men of H.M.S. *Royal Sovereign* seen outside the Egyptian Museum after spending a day of sightseeing ashore

IN THE WADI HAURAN: The fortified hotel and police post at Rutbah Wells

PIONEERS OF THE SYRIAN DESERT

The Damascus-Baghdad Mail Celebrates its Tenth Anniversary

A Closer Link between London and Iraq

By DOROTHY MACKAY

Ten years ago, on September 23, 1923, a party of thirteen set off to carry the mail for the first time by car across the uncharted, roadless Syrian desert to Baghdad. Four of us were English women passengers, two of whom were going out to rejoin their husbands. Three Englishmen there were running the little convoy and in charge of the mail. A French Army officer was bound for Teheran; and a Syrian there was, two Iraqi merchants, and a Jew of Baghdad. The late Miss Gertrude Bell's Arab guide sat beside the driver of the foremost car.

We started from Damascus at 5.45 a.m., and the British liaison officer in the French mandated territory, Syria, saw us off, for it was considered an almost historic occasion—a view that has been amply justified by modern developments from that small beginning. The start certainly savoured of adventure, for the three cars were so heavily loaded, even along the running boards, that we had to climb in over the doors instead of opening them. In addition to our luggage and the bags of mail there were camp beds for the women passengers, and many extra tins of petrol and water, for we did not know how long it would take to cross the 450 miles of unbroken desert before we should reach the Euphrates. And thick canvas bags of water, whose contents evaporation would keep cool for drinking, were slung on at every possible place.

It now seems rather laughable, but we drank that water uncomfortably, sparingly, and most unsatisfyingly through rubber tubes! But we were pioneers; and though three parties of English people had been across by car before, and various Syrian and Iraqi gold-runners who made a goodly sum on the exchanges, we could expect to find no track to guide us, until more than half-way over we should strike the ploughed furrow made to guide the Royal Air Force 'planes that in those days carried the air mail from Amman in Transjordania to Iraq.

That we did not reach until the following morning. But previously, in the early dawn, after camping out on a wonderful moonlit night with the men of the party doing sentry-go by turns, we came upon a signpost. On a tiny hillock it stood, small and lonely in a limitless plain with no vegetation but here and there low scrub of camel thorn and an unbroken horizon that at midday shimmered like quicksilver with mirage. Made of a piece of packing case, and inscribed on one side "Nairn" and on the other "24 tins Ideal Unsweetened Milk," it pointed in the direction to be followed. We afterwards learned that it had been left on the off-chance of our seeing it by one of the previous pioneer parties who knew of the mail-carrying project.

In the ten years that have passed since then what changes have taken place! Each subsequent occasion of travelling by that route I have noticed differences. The road, well-nigh a mile wide in places, is unmistakably marked; not even the hand of Nature can now erase it. Rolled hard it is by the wheels of literally hundreds of cars, from the armoured cars of the desert patrol and the six-wheeled buses of the Nairn Transport Company—the pioneers of the route and still the chief cross-desert passenger transport agents—to private two-seaters, a fleet of enormous six-wheeled goods lorries, and the dilapidated car of the up-to-date Bedouin. If the merchant-venturers who passed not far north of the Damascus–Baghdad road with their slow camel caravans in the days of Zenobia, Queen of Tadmor, could only see their successors of to-day, how astonished would they be at the speed of travel!

Not only has the motor traffic on the desert enormously increased in recent years; the route of the Indian and other Far Eastern air mails, which for the latter part of the crossing practically coincides with the motor route, is marked with great lights glaring skywards. And at one point the desert road crosses one branch of the great forked pipe-line which in 1935 is to bring oil from Iraq to the Mediterranean coast at Tripoli in Syria and Haifa, Palestine. Glimpses are caught by the desert traveller of the cosmopolitan camps of the engineers who are laying it—cosmopolitan because the interests concerned in the Iraq Petroleum Company are many, British, Americans, French, and Dutch, and the labourers include Arabs, Syrians, Iraqis, Jews, and Armenians. Huge lorries carry the 40-ft. long sections of the 12-in. pipe to where they are to be sunk 3 ft. below the desert surface. Machines there are for welding the sections and digging the trench, and telegraph, telephone, wireless, and other apparatus of the most modern and up-to-date. The pumping stations here and there on the two pipelines will add both to the amenities and the security of the desert; and one ceases to wonder that the Bedouin sheikhs are substituting the car for their riding camels.

The close communication now established between East and West by car along the ancient caravan routes as well as in the air has fully justified the anticipations of the pioneers, from the economic point of view as well as that of its safety. As a measure of the former, the fare is now reduced to a small fraction of what it was in early days.

Attacks have occasionally been made upon the convoys, especially in the early years when the Bedouin still held almost undisputed sway. Then cars were never allowed to set out under three in number, and were on occasion provided with a guard. Even on my sixth journey, I travelled in a car with a bullet-hole through the back that was made when the passenger in the seat I occupied was killed three weeks before. But shoot-ups by Bedouins are now practically impossible, as are deaths by thirst, which have happened through leaving the beaten track in the darkness of the night.

Already for several years there has stood in the Wadi Hauran a square, fort-like police post which is also an hotel, where there are meals and baths and beds for the rest and refreshment of the traveller. Wireless communication there is also, supplies of petrol, water, spare parts, and everything necessary to make travel secure and up-to-date. In its building great interest was taken by the late King Feisal, who always watched closely the development of the western communications of his kingdom.

A definite new rule of the road, even, was established not long since. At first cars from Syria followed the Continental custom and passed approaching cars to the right, whereas those from Baghdad were wont to pass to the left. The result was several collisions. Though tragi-comedies to those whose sense of humour was tickled at thought of the two cars each edging farther and farther south to pass the other, they were pure tragedy to those whose cars were wrecked. So one fine day all Iraq passed to the right also—and so well organized was the change-over that it is credibly reported that the first day of the new rule passed with no accidents.

The old pontoon bridge over the Euphrates at Fellujah was wont to break at the time of the early summer flood, so that cars had to be ferried precariously across. At all times it groaned in travail under the weight of the modern six-wheeled bus, and it is now replaced by a modern bridge of iron and concrete.

With the passage across the desert of great quantities of dutiable materials and many new cars which formerly were carried by sea via the Suez Canal and the Persian Gulf, frontier regulations have been tightened up. Customs and passport inspection posts, and even quarantine posts, have been established on either border of the desert. And near the Iraqi frontier post at Ramadi a signpost amusingly points the direction of Aleppo with one arm, of Baghdad with another, Damascus and London with a third—with a touch of irony to the traveller who only ten years ago had to spend at least three weary weeks travelling by sea from London to Baghdad.

ON THE DESERT ROUTE: One of the Nairn Transport Company's efficient fleet of six-wheeled buses

COMPLEXIONS to ORDER : LONDON'S PRAM GARAGE

"FRAMED TO MAKE WOMEN FALSE": The make-up artist spraying complexions on the faces of figures which are being made at a Slough factory for shop-window display

A WELCOME ADDITION TO LONDON'S AMENITIES: These pram garages, which have been erected with the assistance of the London County Council at Riverside Gardens, Hammersmith, are proving a great boon to housewives living in high tenement buildings

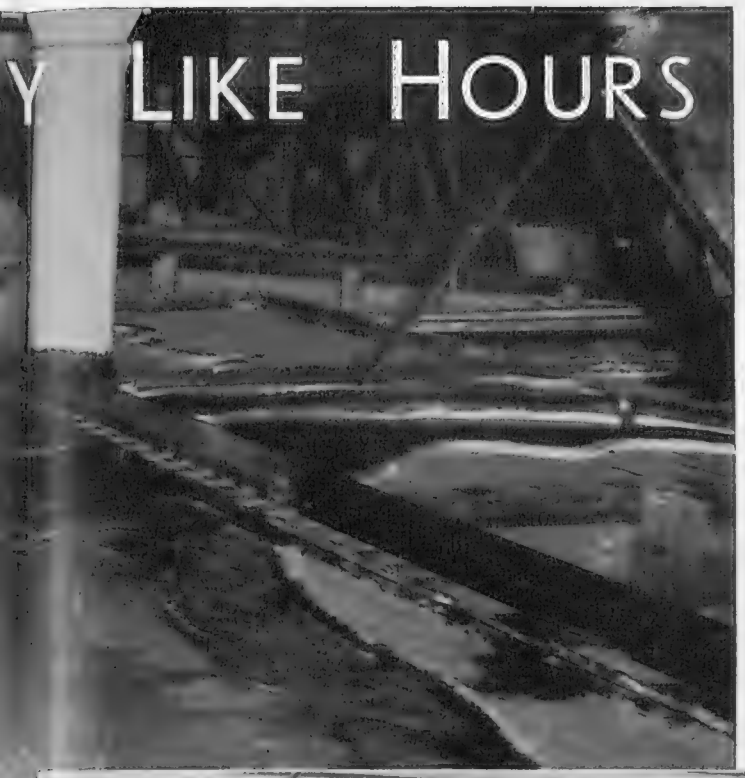
MOTHER OF THREE: The Zoological Society is justly proud of Ranee, of Whipsnade, whose ten-week-old tiger cubs are the first to be born in captivity since 1880. All three new arrivals are doing well

AN EASTERN HARBOUR PROBLEM SOLVED IN A LONDON BASEMENT: Men at work on one of the most amazing models ever built. It is situated in the basement of a mews off Tottenham Court Road and, although only 40 sq. ft., is a complete and accurate representation of the 800 square miles of Rangoon harbour and Rangoon river basin. The model was constructed from a plan of the river as it was in 1875 and is so designed that a year's action of the tides and rainfall is represented every fifteen hours. It is thus possible for the engineers to gain valuable information regarding the future behaviour of the river and to determine where the silt deposits are likely to collect during the next few years. The water space in the foreground of the above picture represents the Gulf of Martaban

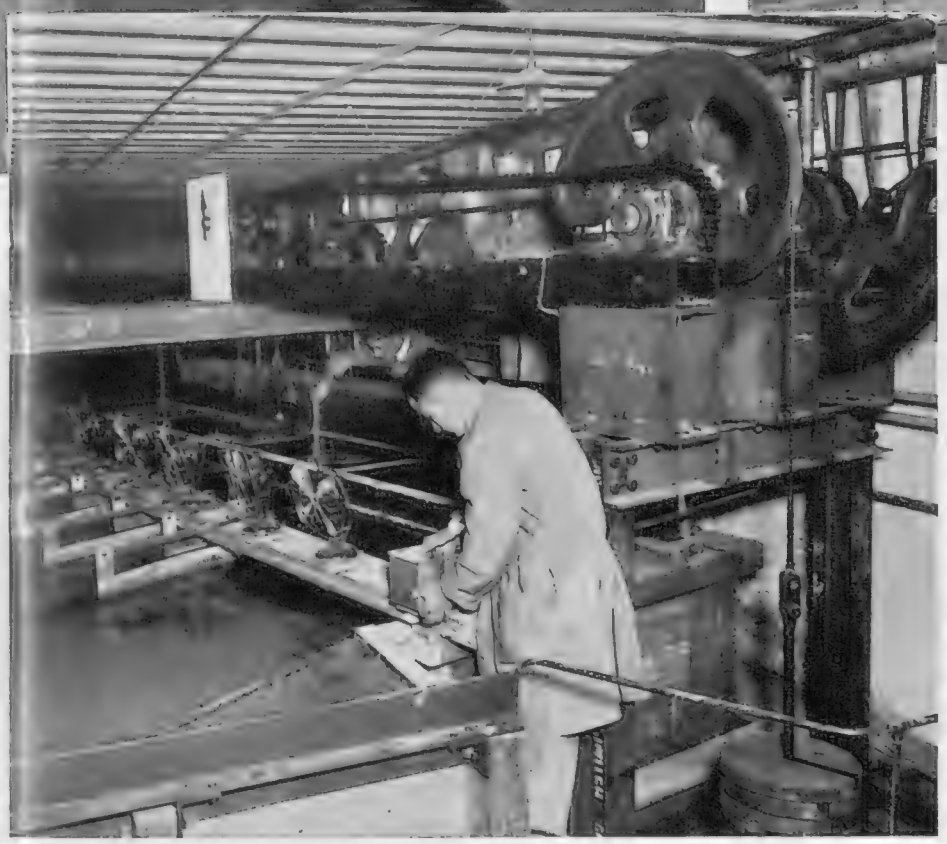
THE ASTONISHING RANGOON HARBOUR MODEL IN A TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD BASEMENT

A view of the model of the Rangoon River showing the controlling mechanism for dealing with the seasonal variation in the flow. Electric fans provide the effect of a monsoon and pipes leading from water tanks convey the correct amount of silt and rain according to the season. By this ingenious system, which is accurate down to the smallest detail, the Burmese Government are being saved many thousands of pounds

Y LIKE HOURS



ENGINEERS OBSERVING THE ACTION OF THE TIDES after the basin had been cleared of water. Each tide takes 76 seconds, which means, by the model's reckoning, that a day passes in about 2½ minutes



THE MAIN TIDE GENERATING ENGINE: A general view from the balance weight end showing (in centre) the measuring clock and the apparatus for the introduction of salt into the sea. The fans in the foreground create the monsoons

THE WASTE WEIR: Engineers adjusting the delicate mechanism employed for keeping a correct level of water in the model. Every possible effort is made to see that accuracy is maintained

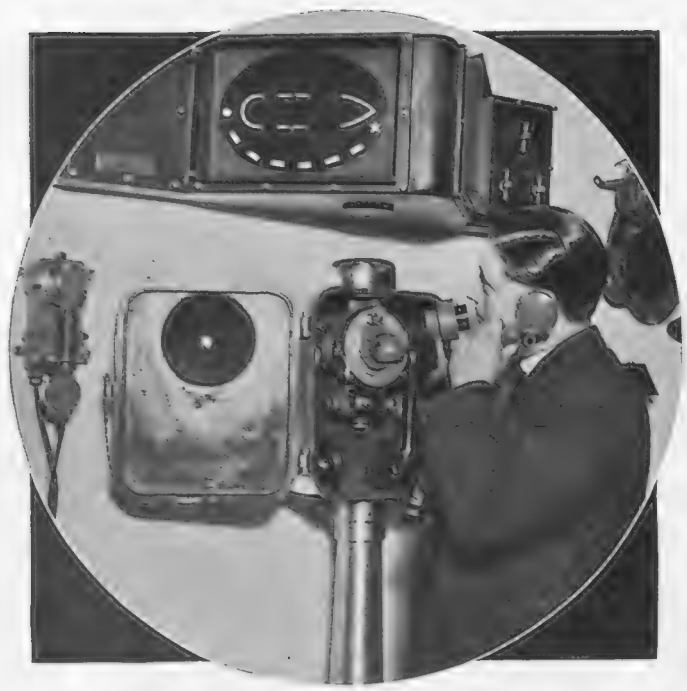
Special "Sphere" pictures

LOOKING TOWARDS THE "RANGOON RIVER": A general view from the "Gulf of Martaban." A striking proof of the efficiency of the model was obtained on its initial run. It was originally built to represent the river as it was in 1875 and allowed to work for a period representing twenty years. The water was then drained off and the resulting changes compared with an actual plan of 1895. To the satisfaction of the engineers the formation of the model river bed compared in every detail with the original

ENGINEERING WONDERS AT OLYMPIA

Buyers from All Parts of the World Arrive to View Britain's "Heaviest Exhibition": Nine Thousand Tons of Machinery Valued at Over £2,000,000

By CHARLES GRAVES



THE GRAHAM COMBINED HELM AND ENGINE INDICATOR: A novel device which records instantaneously on the navigation bridge the true angle of a ship's helm at any given moment and the exact speed of the engines. It is particularly valuable for use in narrow waters or for complicated docking or undocking operations

THE MARCONI SOUNDING DEVICE: An accurate and fast working instrument designed to give the navigator instantaneous information regarding the depth of water beneath his ship

MODERN MAGIC: An electro-magnetic instrument which measures the exact thickness of a steel plate when it is accessible only from one side. The invention should prove of considerable help in the surveying of ships for seaworthiness

"The Heaviest Exhibition" is a good name for the display by Great Britain of the three premier industries — shipping, engineering, and machinery—at Olympia. The weight of the exhibits is over 9,000 tons, and their value is estimated at £2,000,000, and to show their enthusiasm the local authorities in West Kensington proceeded to take up the road just outside the goods entrance on the day that everything was being moved in; in consequence large cranes had to be used. The heaviest exhibit of all is a Horizontal Visavis Marine Diesel Engine which weighs sixty tons. There is also a fifteen-ton shunting engine with its own railway line. How they ever get these things into position is a problem that always baffles me. It is worse than the apple inside the apple dumpling.

The exhibition takes place every two years and has done so since 1906. On the last occasion, Great Britain had just gone off the gold standard and everything was extremely gloomy. At that time a completely new set of conditions was coming into being, and it is only now that equilibrium in these three major industries is being regained. But the courage of their leaders in holding the exhibition again is apparently to be well rewarded. Buyers have been attracted from all over the world, and this year the list of acceptances includes experts from all over the British Empire, Egypt, Holland, Spain, South America, Japan, and even Iceland. I am told that there are ample signs that the tide of depression has turned—not too fast, which would be fatal, but steadily and calmly, and in a way which makes the heads of all the big firms quite optimistic. Keels are being laid down on our northern rivers; shipowners at home and abroad are placing orders in various directions for vessels of varying sizes; coal shipments are increasing; the number of idle ships is being reduced, even the iron and steel trades are showing distinct signs of life; and the organizers of the exhibition consider that it will play an important part in the revival of the British heavy industries.

Speaking generally, the enormous strides of the internal combustion engine are the most notable feature this year. No less than 13,000 sq. ft. are devoted to engine exhibits. Such a display has never before been seen anywhere in the world. Another very interesting feature introduced for the first time is the Research Exhibit staged by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Altogether 250 firms are showing their goods at Olympia this year. The General Post Office also has a stand.

As a layman my eye was first caught by an invention which is expected to revolutionize the surveying of ships for seaworthiness. It is a kind of dial which enables you to do the apparently impossible—to measure the thickness of a steel plate accurately when it is accessible on only one side. If that is not magic, what is?

There is also a new weatherproof window which the Southern Railway has ordered from the makers. It has been designed to collect any water due to condensation or rain which may run down either the inside or the outside of the glass. The water is carried away by means of channels or pipes and it will be possible to see the name of your railway station clearly through the glass even though it is raining hard.

In the Industrial Research Exhibit there is every kind of diagram and exhibit. One of them illustrates the conclusions based upon the reports of 336 fires which occurred in coal bunkers and cargoes on board ship during a period of three years. They show that 86 per cent. could have been avoided.

There is also a collection of iron and steel bars which have been exposed to continuous or intermittent immersion in sea water for ten years at Plymouth, Halifax (Nova Scotia), Auckland (New Zealand), and Colombo. It looks as though the English Channel is more corrosive than any other sea

In the Post Office Section they show you how your voice is "scrambled," and one of the officials will read something out to you and enable you to hear the result. It sounds an extraordinary language and rather annoys you because you cannot think of what you are reminded. Since complaints have been received that "listeners-in" could understand even a "scrambled" voice, the Post Office have now developed a device which they call the "Wobbler." This distorts the high and low frequencies which have already been inverted. Another trick they let you play in this section is to delay your voice. It is a matter of magnetizing a steel tape. The advantage of it is that by controlling the delay you can send and receive messages on the same wavelength. Over a long distance I was told it would be possible to delay it up to over half a minute. Incidentally, though sound travels through the air at only 1,000 ft. a second, your voice can go 186,000 miles a second on a cable.

This exhibition is really worth going to see. My notebook is filled with jottings such as "Bubbles on enamel are due to the escape of trapped gases" or "The echometer indicates by mid-water echoes the presence of herring and other shoals of fish. Thus the skipper of a trawler can crawl the edge of a bank with ease and precision and can avoid submerged objects on the seabed such as wrecks, rocks, and reefs."

To the average member of the public, however, the most interesting stand is the one which faces you on your arrival. It deals with the prevention of sea-sickness. Many of us have heard vaguely of these gyro stabilizers. It is far too technical for me to explain, but it amounts to this, that 90 per cent. of the roll is eliminated and that the deck of any vessel of 5,000 tons displacement or more can be held to within 3 deg. of the horizontal in the heaviest seas. Besides being good for sea-sick passengers it is also extremely useful for the Navy. The accuracy of torpedo fire is one of the principal considerations in a destroyer, and by eliminating roll the gyro stabilizer is invaluable.

THE SIMPLEX UNIVERSAL OXYGEN JET CUTTING MACHINE: This remarkable instrument is capable of cutting an area of metal 60 by 40 in. to a depth of from ⅛ to 8 in. It cuts straight lines, vertically or at bevel, and circles automatically

One of the chief impressions you get at the exhibition is the huge increase of hybrid words, the coining of which has been made necessary by modern inventions. Some of them are hideous. Most of them are very long. An extensometer is a case in point. I do not know if macrostructure is an old word, but it is used extensively in the exhibition. You also get strange phrases like "killed steel." This is presumably something different from "chilled steel." You even find "semi-killed," which sounds quite idiotic.

Machinable is an ugly but no doubt necessary word. The word "section" is used as a verb. I say nothing of complete sentences which would completely baffle any layman such as: "It has been shown that the inter-crystalline failure of lead is due primarily to fatigue and that this type of failure may be prevented or minimized by the use of alloys with a high fatigue limit." Yes, I commend this to "Beachcomber," but one must take the rest of the exhibition seriously. It has undoubtedly been very courageous of these three depressed industries to go to the trouble and expense of holding this exhibition, but already it seems that their courage has been rewarded and that large orders are pouring in from buyers, particularly those from overseas.

THE GOVERNOR OF BENGAL VISITS ONE OF THE PRESIDENCY'S LARGEST LANDOWNERS: The Right Hon. Sir John Anderson, K.C.B., with the Maharaj Kumar of Mymensingh. Sir John, who has been Governor since 1932, was Permanent Under-Secretary of State, Home Office, for over ten years, and between 1919 and 1922 was Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue

EVENTS ABROAD

THE TASK BEFORE THE NEW SPANISH CABINET
M. DALADIER DELIVERS A FUNERAL ORATION
THE POULTRY CONGRESS IN ROME

SPAIN'S NEW PRIME MINISTER: Don Alejandro Lerroux, the Radical leader who has succeeded Senor Azana as Chief Officer of State. Although his Cabinet has been carefully chosen and includes members of several parties, keen observers of the Spanish political situation doubt whether the Government will last more than a few weeks. Senor Lerroux's chief task is to allay the widespread alarm caused by the policy of the late Government and to persuade the Cortes to complete as quickly as possible the few remaining laws complementary to the Constitution. Members of the Cabinet are, at the present moment, busily engaged in selecting fifty new provincial governors

LUTHERAN FESTIVAL IN WITTENBERG: The Archbishop of Upsala listening to an address at the opening of the assembly from Burgomaster Faber of Wittenberg. Several Nazi ministers were present

PRINCE BONCOMPAGNI LUDOVISI, Governor of Rome, addressing the opening session of the International Poultry Conference. Signor Mussolini is sitting on his right

HONOURING THE DEAD: M. Daladier, the French Prime Minister, delivering an oration at the funeral of M. Georges Leygues, French Minister of Marine, which took place recently at the Church of St. Louis des Invalides, Paris

THE REAL TROUBLE in BECHUANALAND

The Flogging of Phineas McIntosh and its Bearing on the "Poor White" Problem

By W. J. MAKIN

THE BAMANGWATO ARMY: One of Chief Tshekedi's kilted regiments seen at an "Indaba" at Serowe, Bechuanaland. Many of these somewhat "comic opera" uniforms are cast-offs from London musical comedy shows which have been brought out to Africa by enterprising white traders. Note the sock suspenders and spats: both articles dear to the native heart

A BECHUANALAND PATROL: These men are commanded by Britishers and chiefly employed in helping to keep the peace in the desert area. The territory has fewer than 2,000 Europeans and 160,000 natives

A NATIVE OFFICER buckles on his sword in anticipation of the arrival of the British Commissioner

ON THE RIVER HIGHWAY OF BAROTSELAND: The Paramount Chief's travelling barge on the Zambesi. During May of this year the chief left his capital and journeyed down the river to pay his respects to the new Governor of Northern Rhodesia

A NATIVE "PIANO": This unusual-looking instrument produces sounds somewhat similar to those of an old-fashioned musical box. The picture comes from N'Dola, Northern Rhodesia

NATIVES OF NORTHERN RHODESIA: Another picture from N'Dola. The tinsel adornments were part of the props of a concert show, and evidently proved irresistible to the ornament-loving natives

The "invasion" of British Bechuanaland by a force of 200 Royal Marines and three howitzers commanded by Rear-Admiral Evans (Evans of the *Broke*) has called attention to a huge tract of African territory, big enough to enclose France, which has been causing trouble for some years to the British authorities.

By command of Chief Tshekedi, the ruler of the Bamangwato tribe, a white man was flogged publicly by the natives. The inquiry that immediately resulted has been followed by the banishment of the white man as being a menace to the status of Europeans in this native territory. Yet the many years' accumulation of trouble in British Bechuanaland remains to be dealt with. It has caused a demand within recent months by white settlers for the annexation of Bechuana land by the Union of South Africa.

At the moment this huge territory is under the control of the Dominions and Colonial Office. It would probably have never come within the protection of Britain if an old Dutchman had not once whispered to Cecil Rhodes: "This is the key of South Africa." At that time it was a sort of "no man's land" through which ran the trade routes to the north from the Cape. A few trek-king Boers had set up two so-called republics in this area, and President Kruger began to interest himself in this sandy waste.

At the same time Rhodes was planning his great country to the north—Rhodesia. He determined to secure Bechuanaland, partly to spite Kruger and partly because of his own insatiable desire to see the map of Africa red. But it took him a good many years and much struggling with official indifference before a British protectorate was actually declared over the territory in September, 1885.

It is now an important "buffer" state between the Rhodesias and the Union of South Africa. Not a particularly pleasant country to travel in as I have found in several wanderings in the sand and scrub of that area known as the Kalahari Desert.

Nevertheless, a vigorous white community of farmers, traders, cattle-dealers, and prospectors have done wonders in this desert country. The single-line railway track leading to the Congo passes through this territory. And alongside this railway the little white community of less than 2,000 Europeans have lived at peace with the 160,000 natives scattered throughout the territory.

There are a few "poor whites" in Bechuanaland who have gone native, married black women and made their homes in huts inside the native kraals. In the census returns these men are described as blacksmiths. I once met an old Cornishman, a regular Trader Horn, who lived with three native wives and a whole brood of yellow children not far from Serowe. And he confessed blandly that he had no desire to see the Old Country ever again.

But the most remarkable group of "blacksmiths" I ever came across were some thirty white men and women who lived as serfs to the natives in the Bechuana village of Molopolole. These are descendants of old Dutch pioneers who, trekking northwards in 1878, lost themselves in this dreadful desert. Their horses, overcome with drought, died, and the pioneers flung themselves on the mercy of the natives. These pathetic whites may still be seen in the village of Molopolole.

It is at Serowe, perhaps the biggest native town south of the Zambesi, that Tshekedi permitted the flogging of the white man. It must be remembered that the native is allowed to have his own laws and to have them decided by the Chief in a public council known as the *kgotla*. But any crime committed by a

(*Continued on p. 498*)

IN THE OPEN AIR

MISS FREDA JAMES, joint American doubles champion with Miss Nuthall, playing in shorts against Miss F. S. Ford in the third round of the women's singles at the South of England Championships at Eastbourne. Miss James won by 6-3, 4-6, 6-4

MISS AMORY, the only American entrant in the Girls' Golfing Championship, studying the line of a putt on the Stoke Poges course during a round with Miss Diana Fishwick of the Ladies' Golfing Society

THE GIRLS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: Miss Jessie Anderson (left) and Miss P. Barton during their semi-final round at Stoke Poges. Miss Anderson just managed to win by two up and one

THE RETURN OF "BIG BILL": Tilden and Barnes about to take part in the World Professional Tennis Championships on the courts of the Blau-Weiss Club, Berlin

AT THE JUNIOR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS: Miss Powell disports a backless tennis dress on the umpire's stand at Wimbledon during one of the concluding rounds of the girls' singles

TED RAY, the Oxhey professional, gives a few words of advice to a competitor in the Oxhey juvenile competition

FILM FANS v. POLICE AT THE PALACE: Few pictures, with the possible exception of *Grand Hotel*, have had such a good reception as that accorded the screen version of the successful Kaufman-Ferber play, *Dinner at Eight*. The first night was a triumph for Wallace Beery, who made a personal appearance at the theatre. An enormous crowd greeted his arrival, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the police were able to maintain their cordons

PLAYS of the AUTUMN

Drury Lane Omits the Vital Element of ' Denes the Amorous Turk: John Drink Open-air Production of "The Tempest" Performance by Leslie

By PHILIP PAGE

Modern Drury Lane does not, for economic reasons, admit of a melodrama running for half the year and a Christmas pantomime running, with a bit of luck, until Easter. If the cost of a production, amounting to anything up to £20,000, is to be justified, a year's run must be the aim. And so the elements of both pantomime and melodrama are united into one spectacular whole and it becomes "a play with music."

That this should come from abroad is part of the policy. Why that should happen it is not difficult to understand, since, although the powers that be are courageous in risking money, they are timidity itself when it is a matter of risking an original play built up at home by British talent. So one that has been tested in Germany or in America is invariably chosen.

What I do find exceedingly difficult to understand is that in the mixing of the pantomime-cum-melodrama elements the vital element of humour should be omitted. The melodrama, *consule* Collins, had their comic relief—crude, perhaps, but effective enough. The pantomimes would not have stood any chance of success without their funny men, and splendidly did those funny men work.

At what, then, were the author and producer of *Ball at the Savoy* aiming? This piece is lavishly presented and well produced. It has some wonderful costumes and a moving staircase on which the wearers of those costumes disport themselves. It has a plot egregiously silly, though not more silly, if less exciting, than the plots of the melodramas it has displaced. It has some very loud music.

But it is obvious that the object is to appeal almost exclusively to the eye. I do not quarrel with that, provided that the audience is given sights calculated to make it open its eye wider. That is just what has not been done. I could understand people advising their friends to go to Drury Lane to see a yacht being wrecked or a prison being burned down or a motor car containing the villain driven hurtling over a cliff. But I cannot understand the attraction of seeing a moving staircase, which one can see at any time in the Tube for nothing or, at any rate, for twopence.

And that staircase really was the *clou* of *Ball at the Savoy*, except for a large lift which went slowly up and down, sometimes representing one room and sometimes two. The other scenes were conventional musical-comedy, with no spectacular ambitions whatever beyond a larger chorus than usual.

If a newly-married husband, in love with his wife and she with him, has a note from an old flame asking him to meet her in a restaurant at midnight and does not fancy the prospect, he either takes no notice at all or explains the position to his wife. If the young Marquise had done that all would have been well, but there would have been no play. We are shown, therefore, the familiar scheme of lies that are the prelude to marital infidelity in the musical-comedy world that took the whole of a quite unnecessary act—and then the dramatic climax.

This last is brought about by the Marquise in a disguise that would have neither deceived nor attracted a lately-landed sailor, proclaiming, in an American accent, that she is a sister of a marshal of France and the niece of a cardinal, and is about to commit adultery—which she isn't—because her husband has—which he hasn't.

If the French aristocracy are thus in the habit of revealing their domestic secrets at the summit of moving staircases to guests assembled at a public ball, I do not wonder that so few of them are left.

Miss Natalie Hall is a Junoesque American who made a fruitless attempt to pretend, for the purposes of the plot, to be a *cocotte*. But as a vocalist she is trained to the last sixteenth of an inch. Mr. Maurice Evans is too good an actor not to be able to give a semblance of reality to this nonsense and he has a good enough singing voice to keep him in musical comedy for years to come. That will be good for his pocket, but I shall be sorry.

There is no line of wit and no trace of humour. Mr. Oskar Denes is a grotesque rather than a funny man; he made quaint noises and, as an amorous Turk, waggled a rotund stomach in high-spirited fashion. Miss Rosa Barsony, his soubrette companion, essayed to atone for her difficulty in speaking English by overacting. But as purveyors of the light touch in a somewhat heavy mixture they were probably, at least, as successful as would be, say, Mr. Leslie Henson and Miss Cicely Courtneidge if suddenly confronted with the task of infusing fun into a musical-comedy in Budapest without being able to speak Hungarian.

"The Tempest."—All the jokes and quotations appropriate to seeing a performance of *The Tempest* on a wet afternoon now having been used up, I can confine myself to the quality of Mr. Sydney Carroll's production in what was, perforce, the Under-Canvas Theatre, Regent's Park.

Even Shakespeare in a tent has an inevitable suggestion of a camp sing-song about it. The company, too, were playing, at the performance I saw, on a stage on which they had never rehearsed and with many of the "properties" and effects absent. In such circumstances the performance was an astonishingly good one. Mr. John Drinkwater's Prospero was sonorous, pleasant to look upon (except for a pair of blue "plus fours"), and played without a beard, but with such full understanding of the glorious poetry as so true a poet was expected to display.

Mr. Robert Atkins, who produced the play, was the Caliban—brutish in appearance but of greater dignity than the majority of those who surrounded him. That, since Shakespeare for the most part gives Caliban verse to speak and his tormentors prose, was not surprising. Miss Margaretta Scott—Shakespeare seems part of her nature now—was a sweet and beautiful Miranda. The noblemen from Naples are dull dogs however they are played, and I could not imagine them played better. Mr. Leslie French was cleverly epicene as Ariel—a blithe spirit which seems neither man nor woman but is most uncompromisingly blithe.

The chief success, I venture to think, was Mr. Morris Harvey's Stephano. To make any stage drunkenness funny is difficult. To make Shakespearean drunkenness funny is a superhuman task. Mr. Harvey not only proved the value of revue training, but showed himself to be a Shakespearean actor of the ripe and accepted flavour.

"Nice Goings On."—Mr. Leslie Henson has lately been seen as a most joyous figure in farce. None the less, it is good to welcome him back to musical work, even if *Nice Goings On* at the Strand Theatre has not one half the distinction of the pieces in which he used to appear at the Gaiety and the Winter Garden.

But it is a bright, bustling little play with some new jokes and many old ones, some bad jokes and many good ones, and Mr. Henson himself consistently brilliant.

As a sort of Scandinavian clerk who is out to win promotion in a Public Welfare office by detecting his colleagues in immorality he has a part in which he can, and does, revel. Things are never dull when he is on the stage, and in Act I they are never dull at all. Act II is at present not quite so happy. But there is an irresistible moment in it when that prim comedian, Mr. Robertson Hare, abandons himself to a wild negroid dance. Mr. Hare is not otherwise provided for as well as he should be.

Miss Marjorie Brookes, a slinky blonde with a sense of fun, is a fine asset, and Miss Zelma O'Neal is snappily and cheerily American. Miss Sydney Fairbrother lends an amusing air of Victorian decorum to a supposedly wicked Norwegian seaside resort, though Norway suggests Ibsenity rather than obscenity. Mr. Fred Conyngham dances well, sings well, and looks nice, but is weakly partnered. The blemishes, however, in this entertainment are few and minor.

"Sheppey."—Except that it serves as an example of what not to do if one wins £8,500 in the Irish Sweep, *Sheppey*, the new play at Wyndham's, points no moral at all. But Mr. Somerset Maugham has never been concerned with pointing morals so much as with pointing out the essential rottenness of human nature. This rottenness here adorns a not very pretty tale.

In as far as the world in general and members of his own family in particular are shown as treating with selfishness and cruelty a man who endeavours to lead a Christ-like life, this is a bitter play. From the point of view of the central figure it is a sentimental one. Sentimentality, too, of the theatrically hackneyed type is plastered thick on a character which Mr. Maugham has taken down from the shelf without having to dust her, so frequently is she used—the prostitute who is a good sort and a decent woman at heart, hating her work, but preferring it to hunger or the Salvation Army shelter.

Sheppey, otherwise Mr. Miller, knew her because she frequented the public-house in Jermyn Street, opposite the barber's shop where he worked as an assistant. When he hears that he has won a big prize he goes across to buy a bottle of champagne and asks her to share it with him. The excitement of the win and the wine give Sheppey a heart attack. So she looks after him and takes him home in a cab to his house at Camberwell, where he lives with a nice wife and a nasty daughter.

Now Sheppey in the first act is drawn as an ambitious, hard-headed business man, who can be guaranteed to sell a bottle of hair-oil at 8s. 6d. to even the most close-fisted customer. I

SEASON

Humour — Oskar
water in the
A Brilliant
Henson

refuse to believe that this man would decide not to buy a partnership with his thousands, nor that little place in the country on which he had set his heart, nor some additional comforts for his family, but to give every penny of it to down-and-outs and to put up spare bedsteads in his house for a prostitute and a convicted thief.

Unless, of course, he really went mad. In that case the author is dodging the real issue. Sheppey's daughter wanted him to be mad so that she could get the money for herself and for her detestable fiancé, and she set about getting him certified. But Sheppey himself dodged that by dying; when he had that heart attack in Act I it was obvious that Mr. Maugham had put on the black cap.

In the final scene was introduced some dreary and incomprehensible cynicism, involving the reappearance of the light lady or, at any rate, of Miss Laura Cowie, who had played the part as the figure of Death beckoning to that poor barber.

If Mr. Maugham's object has been to be more bitter than ever, and to prove that the world spurns and derides a man who sticks too closely to New Testament ideals, he has surely made a mistake in choosing an abnormal hero. If he intended to dabble in religiosity, he has not been sufficiently clear.

There are welcome flashes of a more familiar Maugham. Very little of the play is actually dull. And the acting of Mr. Ralph Richardson, Miss Cecily Oates, Mr. Eric Portman, and Miss Angela Baddeley is consistently good. But I found the play disappointing, not because it is drab and gloomy, but because it is untidy. And Mr. Maugham displays usually the tidiest of minds.

GOOD DIALOGUE IN A PLOTLESS PLAY: Two scenes from the new John van Druten show at the Apollo. *Left*—Alex Milward (Viola Keats) and her mother (Sybil Thorndike) make anxious inquiries after the health of Toby Chegwidden (Clifford Evans) who at any moment is expected to succumb from an attack of 'flu. *Right*—Toby and Viola threaten to get married

HELLA KURTY, the charming Hungarian actress who will play a leading part in Mr. Cochran's forthcoming production of *Nymph Errant*

"NICE GOINGS ON": Fred Conyngham and Madeleine Gibson whose singing and dancing are doing much to ensure the success of the new Leslie Henson musical comedy at the Strand

RAYMOND MASSEY as the crack German air pilot, Kurt von Hagen, in Stanley Scott's presentation of Herman Rossmann's war play, *The Ace*

"THE TEMPEST" COMES TO REGENT'S PARK: Shakespeare at the Open-air Theatre continues to be one of the chief attractions of the London stage. The latest production is particularly well suited to the pastoral setting, and has added interest in that Mr. John Drinkwater is taking the part of Prospero. *Left*—Nini Theilade, the principal dancer, as a sea nymph in her shell chariot. *Right*—The betrothal scene. Prospero (John Drinkwater) with Ferdinand (John Cheatle) and Miranda (Margaretta Scott)

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, novelist and master of prose, watching the races during Fowey Regatta

BOOKS: By CECIL ROBERTS

Mr. Somerset Maugham Excels in a New Volume of Stories: A Tortuous Plot and Some Fine Prose from Mr. Tomlinson: "The Post Victorians"—Forty Celebrities Write About Forty Celebrities

With Moore, Bennett, and Galsworthy dead one wonders who is now the figurehead among the novelists who command large sales and wide respect. Kipling has already passed into the Valhalla of the Immortals, and Wells, in these prophetic days, is less of a novelist than a diagnoser of our social ills. Without hesitation I would give Somerset Maugham the position. He does not charm us so much as hypnotize us. He is generally on the side not of God but of the gods, and he has a weakness for making virtue look silly and giving the wicked the laugh on their side. But all this apart, the touch of the master is always in evidence. He has announced lately that he intends giving up writing for the theatre in order to give his attention to the writing of books. I wonder what this really means. Has so much been achieved as a mere sideline? Was *The Narrow Corner* merely an aside? If so, one wonders what the undivided Maugham will be like, when the half has hitherto seemed powerful enough for the whole. Here under the title, **Ah King (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)**, a title given in gratitude to a perfect Chinese servant, is a collection of six stories. One shows how happy a pair of lovers, who committed a murder to hide their guilt, found themselves in middle age. Another story shows the undoing of a female missionary who finally succumbed to a drunken sot. A third is a merciless examination of a man of all the virtues except courage, and whose wife never forgave him a moment of failure. They are all studies of unhappiness, of the torment of passion under the bland surface of planters and officials in the F.M.S. Every story is told with the utmost simplicity and achieves compelling power over the reader's mind. The truth, so commonplace, is often pinned down in a revealing sentence such as "If you are a writer, instinct and the habit of years enable you to store up impressions that you are not aware of." In this book I have noticed a few idiosyncrasies. Do people in real life ever say, "Shall you be ready?" And what is "unbenownst to him"? Grammar perhaps, but pedantry surely. They slightly spoil the facet of the gem. But I feel ungracious in being troubled by trifles among such riches. Again and again, reading Ah King, I have been made to exclaim "Ah Maugham!"

Mr. H. M. Tomlinson is another wielder of fine prose, but in this case, **The Snows of Helicon (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)**, I have to confess that I cannot understand what the story is about. It is all too tortuous. Here is a reverie in a cabbage patch—"the wings of Psyche had not a brighter tincture than the whorls and volutes of these vegetables, unless her wings were happier than translucent emerald, ruby, and zircon." Few novelists could write that, but few novelists would want to as it does not belong to the province of the novel. That is what is the matter with this book; it has lovely and surprising passages, but there is no story. Mr. Tomlinson is superb in monologue and lost in dialogue. This is the story of an artist who became an architect and revolted, but to me he is always a nuisance getting in the way of Mr. Tomlinson. Ships and scenery and human stupidity provoke the author to his best. I am sorry our harsh times force him into the mould of the novelist.

Miss **Janet Beith** is a fortunate young woman. She has won the world-prize novel, and five thousand pounds thereby. When I turn to this novel, **No Second Spring (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)**, I am surprised beyond words. Not that it is not good, but that it is so simple. For this story is nothing more than *Christy's Old Organ* sentiment served up with undiluted Silas Hocking. It is all very Scotch and religious, with much about the minister and a stark manse. The heroine resisted temptation, bore children that died, and saw romance pass by her. It is simply told, and is a piece of honest, old-fashioned writing. Let the school of Freud, Faulkner, and Lawrence take note.

Any Mediterranean watering-place to which the English flock will provide a competent novelist with 400 pages of good material. **Mr. D. M. Low** in **Twice Shy (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)** again proves this. He treats his lotus-eaters satirically, he captures the atmosphere of the beach, the *pensione* and the piazza with complete fidelity. It is a pity he plasters his prose with tags of Italian. Mr. Low gives himself the immense handicap of telling his story in the first person, and emerges from the ordeal with ease. Here is all one need ever know about Bordighera, San Remo, Spezia, Capri or Mondello. The picture fits anywhere. This book is a good Italian holiday for those who resent an exchange of sixty lire to the pound.

I shall not quarrel with the title of **The Post Victorians (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 10s. 6d.)**, for the book is a grand entertainment. Some forty celebrities write about forty celebrities. Generally it is a friend talking about a dead friend and therefore saying mostly things that are pleasant, though Mr. William Blackwood reveals that Sir Thomas Lipton was a shameless egotist, with only one theme—himself. Mr. Walpole raises a voice for Galsworthy, and rightly kicks the yapping curs that spoilt a great writer's obsequies, and Mr. Lynd contrives never to see the "card-side" of Arnold Bennett. Most of these characters, as Dean Inge admits, were certainly not post-Victorians. They bloomed in the astonishing nineties. One exception, Lord Haig, receives fitting treatment under the discerning eye of Mr. H. W. Nevinson. I can vouch for one scene. "He summoned us war-correspondents to meet him at the entrance of the great Kaiser Bridge over the Rhine at Cologne. We were a mere handful and he was attended by a small personal staff. In his halting British manner he praised us for our services and loyalty. After his attempt at making a kindly speech, he handed to each of us a little Union Jack nailed to a short stick of firewood, and we all marched off like good children at a school treat." I remember that we all felt slightly absurd with that flag in our hands, but to-day mine hangs on the wall in memory of the shy, kindly man who presented it, as Mr. Nevinson rightly says, "as a symbol of his well-meaning simplicity."

Captain **Lionel Dawson, R.N.**, has a first-rate yarn to tell in **Mediterranean Medley (Rich and Cowan. 15s.)**. He has an eye for character, a nose for trouble, and a gift for a yarn. Let no one imagine that adventure died with the War. Here is a volume of memories dealing with events round the Mediterranean during the Armistice and the three subsequent years. It is a story of the ruinous aftermath, of the pathetic futility of the stand of the White Russians in the Crimea, of the absurd Fiume adventure, the rise of Mustapha Kemal, riots in Malta, and revolution in Georgia. It reveals the naval officer as diplomat, food commissioner, ruler, and odd man, always with a sailor's adaptability and good will. It is a book packed with facts from a full life, narrated with wit and shrewdness. During five years' residence in Venice I never saw anyone fall in the Grand Canal. Captain Dawson achieved even that feat. A medley indeed, but a grand mixture for all palates.

Beethoven as He Lived, by **Richard Specht (Macmillan. 15s.)**, consists of a number of sketches of incidents and occasions in the life of Beethoven, imaginatively reconstructed. They have the merit of being the work of a profound student of the composer who takes no liberty with his facts. He cannot make a hero of a man who was a filthy boor as well as a great genius, but he nothing extenuates, nothing sets down in malice. It will delight all students of Beethoven with its sincerity.

Mr. Arthur Weigall in the process of giving us history without boredom has now turned to **Alexander the Great (Thornton Butterworth. 18s.)**. The man who died at thirty-two after having conquered the known world possessed a character that causes little mystery to the psychopath, though it puzzles Mr. Weigall. This apart, the author gives us a brisk and alluring narrative of an astonishing life. It is a story as fantastic as ever the mind imagined, and Mr. Weigall handles his rich material with an eye for pageantry and an easy command of the main currents of history.

I do not wish to be disparaging when I say that **A Modern Prelude** by **Hugh I'Anson Fausset (Cape. 10s. 6d.)** might be well described as "the autobiography of a highbrow." It is the story of half of a life, with no outstanding events in it, but of an intense inner battle of the spirit, through adolescence to middle age, and to a philosophy of life and a working religion that satisfied after many experiments. Mr. Fausset has looked inwards rather than outwards, and the result is a spiritual rather than a physical excursion, minutely observed and sensitively recorded.

Since people are apt to forget that **G. K. Chesterton** is one of the best of our living poets, **The Collected Poems of G. K. Chesterton (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)** will serve to remind them that justice has barely been done to a reputation that would be higher if it had not been distinguished by so many facets. The master of the ballad form, he knows how to kill an established lie with a neat rhyme. Here is the crusader as ever, but singing this time as he rides with lance before. Whether in the "Song Against Grocers" or "The Skylark's Reply to Wordsworth"—

"Or eyeing me, hast thou the other eye
Still on the Court, with pay-day coming round?"

he is formidable and memorable.

You may think 21s. a lot for a book called **The Jungle in Sunlight and Shadow (Chatto and Windus)** even though it contains ninety-six remarkable photographs of animals, but I can assure you that Mr. F. W. Champion's book is worth every penny, and it should be made somebody's duty to supply it as a present at Christmas if it cannot be bought at once. Here is one of the greatest of all big game shots, who never stopped an animal moving or living. The lens of the camera brings the jungle to us, and the well-stored mind of a lover of animals gives us a story that is arresting in every line.

I pick up a new book by **Miss Rachel Ferguson** with apprehension. "She can't keep it up," I tell myself. Well, in **A Child in the Theatre (Benn. 7s. 6d.)** she does in her usual style. Briefly, it is the story of one woman with great possibilities who sacrifices herself to another of small character. All the characters in this study of theatrical life have enough energy to supply a saga of their own. I couldn't live in the house with them, but what invigorating visitors they are between the covers of this can't-be-put-down book!

The fact that I strongly suspect the hand of the competent journalist dressing **Safari Sam**, by **Gordon Makepeace (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.)**, does not lessen my interest in this record of an old hand in South Africa. His stories are all tall, from the man who wrestled and threw a crocodile to the German count whose methods of hunting were unaccountable. What a yarner Safari Sam is! Truth or fiction, I had to go through the book from cover to cover.

Has **Miss Mazo de la Roche** reached the end of the Jalna series? It seems like it with **The Master of Jalna (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)**, which sees the great oaks cut down, a new colony sprung up, Eden the poet dead, and the couples pairing off. Miss de la Roche never loses her quiet fascination through this narrative. It is because she believes in simple things and is not afraid of sentiment. Her observation is acute and her characters are never too violent.

Roast Beef on Sunday, by **Rosalind le Fleming (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)**, is not nearly as indigestible as it sounds. Indeed it is a very tasty meal, well cooked with just the right ingredients for the fiction appetite. The family at Posthole all live, but the authoress should be more firm with lovers who embrace in cars. But lovers have no reticence in current fiction.

Captain Liddell Hart does not falter in adding yet another to the vast library on Napoleon, but his **The Ghost of Napoleon (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.)** examines a new aspect of the Napoleonic technique and shows how an applied theory won an empire and a set practice lost it.

On page 500 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

FROM the COUNTRYSIDE

Right — Kent is nearly as famous for its cob-nuts as it is for hops, and, like the latter, they are now being harvested. This party of pickers is seen gathering the crop from one of the extensive orchards in the Maidstone district. The trees, although comparatively small, are all over a hundred years old

Below—As a result of the fine weather the apple-picking season has got under way in Somerset nearly a month earlier than usual. Although not a bumper crop, the fruit is noticeably free from disease and has clearly benefited from the surfeit of sunshine. This picture was taken in the orchards of the University of Bristol's research station at Long Ashton, where most of the fruit is used for experimental work in the laboratories

THE COB-NUT HARVEST IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND

Right—With the approach of Michaelmas, time of trial both for rentpayer and goose, breeders are getting busy preparing their flocks for the market. This picture was taken at feeding time on a poultry farm at Ingrave, Essex, where many scores of fine "table" birds are bred each season. The custom of eating geese at Michaelmas probably arose solely because the birds were plentiful and in good condition at this time. Gascoigne, who died in 1577, refers to the custom in the accompanying much-quoted verse:

"*At Christmas a capon,*
at Michaelmas a goose,
And somewhat else at New Yere's tide,
for feare the lease flies loose."

UNCONSCIOUS OF THEIR DOOM: MICHAELMAS GEESE ON AN ESSEX FARM

MISS ROSA JUNG, one of the best-known actresses in China, making-up in her dressing-room prior to a stage performance at a Peiping theatre. The white bands she is winding round her forehead are used to keep her hair in position

THE NEXT STAGE: With the white bands firmly secured, the make-up artist then attaches a length of lacquered artificial hair. The extremities of this are wound and fastened behind the actress's ears

FIXING THE PANEL OF STRETCHED BLACK SILK which will throw into bold relief the complicated floral decorations of the headdress

A POPULAR CHINESE ACTRESS MAKES UP

COMPLETING HER TOILETTE: Putting the finishing touches to Miss Jung's strikingly ornamented Chinese headdress. Note the alluring curve of the artificial hair and the exceptional length of the earrings

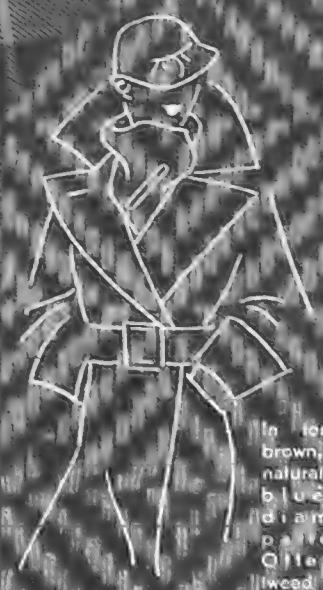
AUTUMN FABRICS

Are Bold in Design and Subtle in Colour

Rodier's Pastilap is a soft woollen with long white hairs on the surface and embroidered spots in contrasting shades. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., costs 19s. 11d. a yard, is 40 ins. wide, and has a plain matching fabric at 15s. 9d. a yard

One of the outstanding successes of their Autumn Collection, the Viyella tartans are authentic in colour and design and are exceptionally chic when used with a plain Viyella. They cost only 4s. 11d. a yard and are 36 ins. wide

Gardiner's Kasmachex is interesting on account of the heavy thread which gives it a darned effect. It is light and warm, is 54 ins. wide, costs 13s. 9d. a yard, and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W.



In tones of brown, or in natural and blue, this diamond-patterned Otterburn tweed is a general favourite for country and sports coats. It wears extraordinarily well, is priced at 12s. 9d. a yard, is 54 ins. wide, and comes from Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge

THE LATEST AND FASTEST TYPE OF FRENCH COMMERCIAL 'PLANE: The all-metal Dewoitine D. 332, in which M. Pierre Cot, France's Air Minister, flew to Russia during the middle of this month. Its top speed is 187 m.p.h. and it cruises with a full load of cargo and passengers at 160 m.p.h.

H.M.S. "RENOWN'S" NEW CATAPULT 'PLANE: The Fairey III-F seaplane, fitted with the latest design in short floats with rudders, being hoisted aboard the famous battleship

THE FLYING CLASSROOM: An interior view of a new Vickers Victoria machine which has been fitted up with a classroom for wireless instruction in the air. The 'plane contains five separate receiving sets

AMY IN AMERICA: Mrs. Mollison, who has been making a study of commercial aviation in the States, dressed in the pilot's uniform which she wore on a recent flight over the coast to coast route

FRANCE and the AIR

And Other Flying Matters

On the 12th of this month M. Pierre Cot, the French Air Minister, left Le Bourget aerodrome on his flight to Russia. "The inauguration of reciprocal studies of aviation between France and Russia" is all the more interesting in view of Central European developments. We really cannot blame France for wishing to maintain a proper balance of power and for finding the Bolshevist regime more attractive than the menace of Hitlerism. It is stated though that no political object lies behind the visit, and that it has taken place at the invitation of the Soviet Government in order that French and Russian aviators should learn to know one another. Which of course the rest of the world will regard with scepticism, seeing that the Red Air Force is the largest in the world, and that air power has come to be regarded as the most effective deterrent to enemy operations.

But quite apart from any political motives there may or may not be behind this new era in Franco-Soviet relations, there is always the very good pretext of commercial aviation. Perhaps we shall see the formation of a Franco-Soviet company similar to, or with greater ramifications than, Deruluft. It is to be observed that the Minister's machine is the latest and fastest type of French commercial 'plane—the all-metal Dewoitine D.332, several of which are destined for the Paris to London route. They will be the fastest cross-Channel 'planes, having a top speed of 187 m.p.h. and able to cruise with full load and twenty-four passengers at an average speed of 160 m.p.h. No doubt M. Cot will find great interest in the all-metal Soviet machines, and especially the all-metal dirigibles, of which Russia is so proud.

In odd contrast to this interest in Soviet aviation is the Blériot scandal. No weaker word can be used for such a supreme neglect of the man whose efforts have been mainly responsible for what air laurels France possesses. We can imagine M. Blériot's feelings only by considering what would have happened here if the Fairey Napier concern had been allowed to close down in similar circumstances immediately after the celebrated long-distance flight by Gayford and Nicholetts. No adequate explanation of the French Air Ministry's attitude seems to be forthcoming. We can only deprecate its inability to appreciate the merits of a man who in his lifetime has designed 200 different models and built between ten and twelve thousand aeroplanes. Apart from his past achievements M. Blériot had plans ready for transatlantic passenger machines. It is extraordinary that no opportunity will be taken of utilizing those plans.

All the more extraordinary is the cold-shouldering of M. Blériot when one reads of the enormous subsidy of £1,240,000 per annum granted by the Treasury to the new merger "Air France"; though the main purpose of the uniting of the former five lines is to effect great economies—to the tune of £200,000 per annum, by putting an end to various abuses, and bringing about a great increase of efficiency with all commercial aviation under the direct and active control of the State. Whether the new arrangement will be a paying concern apart from the subsidy is open to question. All competition will have disappeared, but that is not to say that a State-owned enterprise must necessarily fail to make a good round profit.

M. Pierre Cot is indeed a vigorous Air Minister. Private flying in France is now subsidized by means of a series of bonuses from the Government to private owners, which will reduce the cost of owning a 'plane by half. In the first place the Air Ministry will bear 40 per cent. of the initial cost of an aeroplane, and subsequent bonuses will be arranged according to the engine horse-power and the number of passengers carried.

(*Continued on p. 500*)

In the LIMELIGHT

COUNT McCORMACK arriving with his daughter at Brompton Oratory for her marriage to Mr. Edward Pyke. In order to be present the famous tenor made a special journey from America

EASTWARD BOUND: Father and daughter seen on the transport ship *Nevasa* before leaving Southampton for India last week. The trooping season is now in full swing

MISS STELLA PIERRES, a cousin of Sir Ralph Blois and twice acclaimed the British "Venus," studies the map before going up for a flying lesson at Brooklands

THE HON. GRAHAM CHARLES KINNAIRD and his mother at the former's coming-of-age celebrations at Rossie Priory, Inchture, Perthshire

BLADES WIELDS THE WILLOW: Lord Ebbisham, who last week captained a team of well-known amateur cricketers against Ashtead, seen chatting with G. O. Allen (left) before the start of the match

CAUGHT—BY ADMIRERS AND THE CAMERA: Jack Hobbs signing autographs for youthful admirers at Merton where he recently took a team of county players for a match against Wimbledon and district

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS INVITATION MEETING AT ADDINGTON GOLF CLUB, SURREY: *Left*—Colonel G. C. Morphett, Advertisement Director of Illustrated Newspapers, presenting "The Sphere" Challenge Cup to the winner, Mr. Bernard Weatherill. *Right*—Mr. Weatherill driving from the first tee at Addington. He returned a score of 84—14=70

THE LONGEST IN EUROPE: The recently-completed section of the Danish bridge across the Little Belt, which is being erected at a cost of £2,000,000. This giant bridge will connect the islands in the Little Belt with the mainland

A SEPARATE TUNNEL FOR PEDESTRIANS: The tunnel for vehicular traffic under the River Scheldt at Antwerp has just been completed. Running beside it is a second tunnel for pedestrians

ONLY SPEEDING ALLOWED: An elevated highway which is part of the express road from New York to Philadelphia. Cars are not allowed to run slowly on this road and the traffic makes an average speed of 40 m.p.h.

FOR FAST NIGHT DRIVING: The enormous headlamps fitted to Mr. John Cobb's 500-h.p. car in which he will attempt to drive for twenty-four hours at 120 m.p.h.

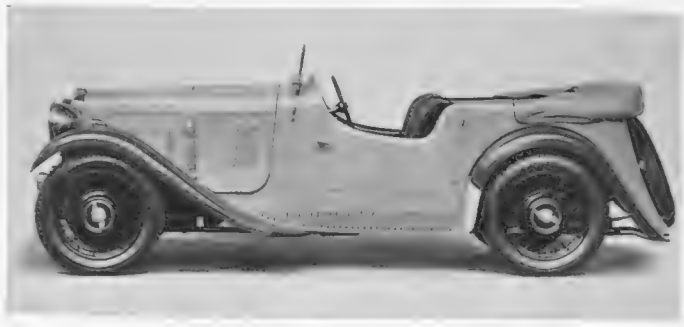
THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

Two New Morris Models — Pre-selective, Synchro-mesh, and Free-wheel — An A.A. Achievement — Glass that Bends — Motor Manufacturers and Racing

The new 1934 programmes continue to appear at frequent intervals. I do not think that even in one case has anyone announced their new models without including some device to give easy gear changing. Amongst those that have been made public recently the most important is that of Morris Motors, Ltd. In their programme for the new season we find two completely new models called the Ten-Six and the Cowley Six. On all models customers are given four-speed gear-boxes and synchro-mesh at that. The engine mountings are so arranged that any engine vibration is isolated so that the driver and his passenger are quite immune from its consequences. Direction indicators and leather upholstery are common to all models. On all closed Morris cars interior visors are fitted. The famous 4-cylinder Cowley, which has done so much to add to the reputation of the firm, has been redesigned. Lockheed hydraulic brakes and shock-absorbers are now fitted as standard to Morris Minors as on all other models. The well-known Oxford Isis and 25's have in addition automatic clutches and free-wheels. The fact that Morris have pinned their faith to the synchro-mesh gear-box, as well as Austin, makes the battle of gear-boxes all the more interesting. It will be of great importance to the motor trade to watch this warfare between the so-called self-changing gear-box and the synchro-mesh type. At the moment we have two very important firms in Austin and Morris both adopting the synchro-mesh box.

At the present time I drive a car fitted with this type of gear change, and it is very easy and simple, but on the cars I have mentioned, and also on the car I drive, the easy change is only second to third and third to top when going up, and from top to third when going down. With the pre-selector box all gears can be changed noiselessly whether going up or down. On the other hand, the average driver probably finds that it is easier to become accustomed to the synchro-mesh type merely because the controls are unchanged. I recently drove a car fitted with a pre-selector box, and found that starting away on first gear was exceedingly jerky, and amongst the new programmes announced I notice that at least one manufacturer has added an additional ordinary type of clutch to overcome this trouble. I have also heard complaints from drivers of cars fitted with a pre-selector box that it is noisy when running idle, but I must confess that I have not experienced this myself.



A MORRIS SPORTS MODEL: The Ten-Six Special Tourer, which combines speed and elegance with economical running. Among other refinements are pneumatic upholstery, synchro-mesh 4-speed gear-box, and automatic ignition advance

The disadvantage of the synchro-mesh type is that the driver, soothed by the ease with which he can change down from top to third suddenly finds that he can make a most tremendous noise in coming down lower into second. If the adherents of this type of box can give us perfectly silent changes all the way up and all the way down they will have counteracted all possible criticism. On the other hand, if the people who favour the pre-selector box can prevent the jerky take-off on first, and the possible noise from the box when running idle, they will be in a like position. Daimlers, Lanchester, and B.S.A. have all overcome this difficulty by fitting a fluid flywheel, and my personal opinion at the moment is that this combination is difficult to beat.

The third school favours the free-wheel. This device gives absolutely silent changes up and down, and when a car is equipped so that the free-wheel can be put out of action at will I find it is difficult to offer any adverse criticism. Most of us have had experience with free-wheels on bicycles and we know therefrom that a free-wheel after much use can give trouble. Whether this is so in the case of a motor car thus fitted I do not know from experience. Undoubtedly the free-wheel has additional advantages such as smooth running down hill and better petrol consumption, so that it stands a very good chance of coming out on top when the battle has finally been fought to a conclusion.

Morris have also adopted the cruciform type of frame, and as this also forms part of the Austin specification it looks as if this type of construction has something very definite in its favour. I have not heard of any failures of frames due to excessive distortion, but undoubtedly this design is far more rigid than that previously adopted. Its adoption looks to me as if the manufacturers were determined to give customers an even more perfected vehicle than was the case heretofore. Frequently I find that alterations are made only as the result of failure or endless troubles during the previous year, but in this case I cannot trace any substantial demand for this new design so must assume that manufacturers are giving the public something which they themselves consider better before any general trouble crops up.

I have not previously referred to the fact that the Automobile Association has enrolled its half-millionth member. This is an achievement which deserves to be noticed, and all motorists, like myself, offer our sincerest congratulations to Sir Stenson Cooke, who is the "be-all" and "end-all" of the A.A. Committees may come and committees may go, but Sir Stenson has been from the beginning, and to those who know him he is really responsible for this very fine achievement. For many years now the A.A. has been the largest motoring organization in the world and as far as I can see it is likely to retain that distinction for quite a long time. Somehow or other it seems a pity that the individual whose membership number is 500,000 cannot be identified as I feel he has made history and is deserving of some recognition. Although the A.A. has reached this landmark it is in my opinion a sad reflection on the general body of motorists that this landmark has not been reached long ago. The work of the Association has been so much for the benefit of all road users, but particularly of motorists, that had this work been appreciated at its face value we should to-day be celebrating the enrolment of at least the millionth A.A. member.

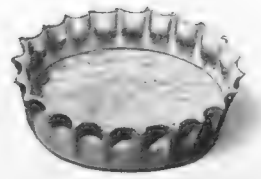
For many years now scientists and other people have been striving to produce glass that will not break. It was a tough proposition, but at last an advance has been made. The firm that makes Triplex safety glass has now produced glass that will bend far more than the ordinary variety, and I am glad that it has fallen to them to market this product. No one knows better what uses can be made of it, and although with their ordinary safety glass they have gone far to minimize the danger of jagged fragments flying through the air, this new discovery of theirs will make motoring even safer than before. The possible uses of a glass that will bend long before it will break are incalculable. I have seen photographs of this new product bent almost like indiarubber without a fracture. There is still another problem, and I feel sure the Triplex people will solve it, and that is to produce glass which people inside a car can see through, but which people outside the car cannot. If that were possible, and I expect the day is not far distant when they will give it to us, the glare from the setting sun and the dazzle from the powerful headlamp will be things of the past.

The terrible tragedy at Monza Race Track cast a gloom over motor racing, but it will in no way slow down the progress which is continually going on in motor design as the result of contests on racing tracks. There are people who consider that Brooklands is out-of-date and a veritable death-trap, but their opinion is based purely on hearsay and rumour. Brooklands may be the oldest race-track in the world, and that is actually the case, but it was so cleverly designed that even to-day it is doubtful whether any other country has a safer place for speed purposes than England. Motor racing in general is at present more popular, not only with the public, but with the manufacturer, than ever before. Sir Herbert Austin, who is never tired of stating that the race-track has taught him many lessons and been of the utmost service to him, announces that he has entered two of his famous single-seater supercharged racing "Sevens" in the forthcoming Shelsley Walsh International Hill-Climb which will take place on September 30.

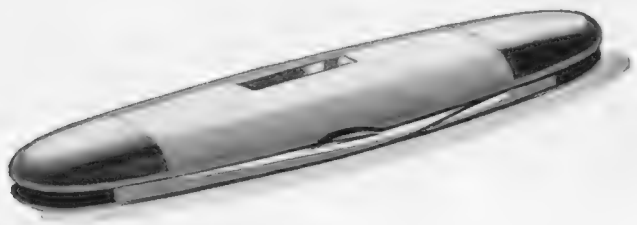
This is the first time for many years that an official Austin entry has been made in this event, and undoubtedly Sir Herbert's support will greatly enhance the importance of this very interesting competition. Lovers of motor racing cannot have failed to notice that Sir William Morris was an interested spectator at the recent T.T. This year Sir William has presented large sums of money as prize-money for motor racing, and the fact that he was present at Belfast on this occasion lends colour to the rumour that he is taking more interest in this form of sport than he did in the past.

"I'll show you how I holed a chip shot at the 14th . . . . "

"This box of matches stands for the hole . . . .



. . . . this stopper is old Smith's ball



. . . . my knife will do for that nasty bunker —"

"And what's the glass of Guinness for ? "

"Oh, *that's* for me ! "

GUINNESS

is good for your Golf

GE 313A

The Future of the British Navy

(Continued from p. 479)

originally to have been a single type divided into two parts, some ships primarily intended for home waters and some sheathed and coppered for work on the more distant stations where the steaming distances are greater and docking facilities less convenient. The former had a displacement of 3,400 and the latter of 3,600, the machinery in each case being the same, 9,000 i.h.p. to give a speed of 20 knots; the armament was two 6-inch chasers and six 4·7's in the waist—a cruiser armament that was nearly ideal in that day. The unsheathed ships were known as the *Apollo* type and the sheathed as the *Acolus*.

Before the ships were completed, however, the professional man contrived to make himself heard, and to point out that even these excellent little ships would be overstrained by the work that they would be called upon to do in war time, so that in the last eight ships of the second division, the *Astræas*, the displacement was increased to 4,360 tons and they carried two more 4·7-in. guns. They cost rather more, but the extra expenditure was very well worth while.

These two big types made a very useful cruiser fleet within the limits of their size, but were still considerably inferior to many of the French and Russian vessels, so that the necessary stiffening was supplied by nine ships of the *Crescent* class, another type in which improvements were effected in the later units with greater experience. They had a displacement of from 7,350 to 7,700 tons, a speed of 20 knots, excellent protection, and a battery of either two 9·2-in. breechloaders and ten 6-inchers, or one 9·2 and twelve 6-inchers, the latter armament being introduced when the later ships were given a topgallant forecastle and other measures to improve their sea-keeping qualities for cruiser work on the high seas.

Naturally enough this emergency programme cost the country rather more than it would have done had it been spread over a number of years in normal circumstances, and it was not possible to introduce the gradual improvement in design that would have been the natural thing had a few ships appeared in each year's estimates. At the same time, while they put the nation into a position of security for several years afterwards, until the meteoric rise of the German Navy, in fact, they very soon showed that there was a great disadvantage to building in that way—a disadvantage that is always liable to arise. The British shipbuilding industry was not organized so well then as it is to-day, but it did very well with these ships and got them ready for sea in excellent time. Then it was discovered that there were no men to commission them, and as they were completed the majority had to be passed into the Reserve to deteriorate rapidly with nothing but a care-and-maintenance party on board. Even then ships could be built very much more quickly than bluejackets could be trained; nowadays cruisers can be built in little over a year apiece, but it takes five years to make a really useful seaman.

There is every possibility that the nation will be forced into another Naval Defence Act to supply the minimum cruiser force required, and although its passage will be strenuously opposed by pacifists and anti-British interests, there is no doubt that the country is staunch at heart and will never see its one Sure Shield thrown away. But the country must realize, and realize in good time, that the Navy is now cut to the bone for men as well as material and that it is the personnel side that will present the greatest difficulties and expense.

The Real Trouble in Bechuanaland

(Continued from p. 486)

white man comes within the jurisdiction of the Resident Commissioner whose headquarters are at Mafeking, on the southern border of Bechuanaland.

The rule of Tshekedi has been a troublesome one.

A WEDDING OF THE WEEK: Mr. Maurice H. Thornton, son of Mr. H. M. Thornton, J.P., leaving the Congregational Church, Purley, with his bride, Miss Muriel Godfrey

The enslavement of Bushmen and other tribes by the Bamangwato has proceeded apace, and two years ago Tshekedi was brought to London to answer some awkward questions regarding the constant lashing and enslavement of other tribes. There have also been assassinations and disappearances under his rule. A year ago his Prime Minister was brought before the British authorities to answer a charge of murder in which a native slave had been flogged to death.

It is this succession of events culminating in the flogging of Phineas McIntosh that decided the British authorities to take action. The only opposition which Admiral Evans might have had to face would have been from what many call the "comic opera" Bamangwato army. It is certainly that in appearance, for the 5,000 men are dressed in the cast-off uniforms of Drury Lane and other musical comedy shows of London. These uniforms are supplied to the natives by the white traders. Some even wear kilts, with dirty white spats over their black feet. I have seen them on parade, and doffed my hat to the enterprising traders who supplied them with those uniforms, and to the gun-runners who sold them the old Martini rifles they carry.

France's Convict Settlements

(Continued from p. 476)

extradition law we have with France. In Port-of-Spain the Salvation Army takes care of the miserable outcasts until these manage to acquire the necessary funds from France to enable them to continue to Colombia. There are, as a rule, anything from a dozen to a score of fugitives in the care of the Army. They have a dormitory, and stew, and can go out and about. Technically, they may only remain on British soil five days, after which they must proceed in their craft to the goal—any goal—they've set themselves.

That false identity papers *are* being provided, at a figure, is certain, and the circumstance forms the most disquieting feature of the story, since it implies that a favoured percentage of these arch-criminals should not while away their days in Colombia but may seek to circulate in other regions outside, that is, of France and the French possessions. So long as these criminals, whom France should by every token look after instead of casually emptying them on to other people, kept to the Central American orbit, the scandal of their escaping did not have European repercussions. There's no saying that we shall remain indefinitely immune. This racket is quite evidently well organized. A highly remunerative commerce in fake and "treated" passports is known to prevail—nowhere more so than in France, incidentally. As if we hadn't enough criminals on our hands already, there is the obvious possibility of a trickle of these fugitives into other countries, in Europe and out of it, progressively as the "drain" from Cayenne continues; which place, as a convict settlement, has, for the time being at all events, grotesquely broken down.

Fashions that pay DIVIDENDS

AT COROT 33, Old Bond Street

HAS it ever occurred to you that there are certain frocks, wraps, and accessories that pay not only quarterly but interim *DIVIDENDS?* They are paid in pleasure and joie de vivre, *not* in the coin of the realm. They always let the wearer know that she is looking her best, and thus she is able to convert unpleasant things into pleasant, conquer-all obstacles.

Madame Corot, 33, Old Bond Street, that well-known artist in dress, is the pioneer of this theory, but reflection shows that it is an axiom. She is endowed with an almost clairvoyant sense of knowing just what will suit her individual clients, and instantly grasps the best way of interpreting fashion's commands so that they emphasize the graceful points.

A "gilt-edged investment" is a frock of beige lace trimmed with matching georgette, and having a jacket of these two materials. Invest in it now at 8½ Gns

DIVIDENDS are not always as promptly paid as they might be, and it is hard to refrain from acquiring a new dress; indeed, it is a mistake. Therefore a particularly satisfactory method of payment by instalments has been evolved; it is the simplest thing in the world, just one payment down and then six subsequent monthly ones; indeed, one never seems to miss the money when the payments are spread over a lengthened period.

Madame Corot will be delighted to see any "Sphere" readers at her charming showrooms, and appointments may be made. Or if a visit is not possible a copy of her autumn and winter fashion guide will be sent on application.

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SPECIAL RESERVE
Scotland's Choicest
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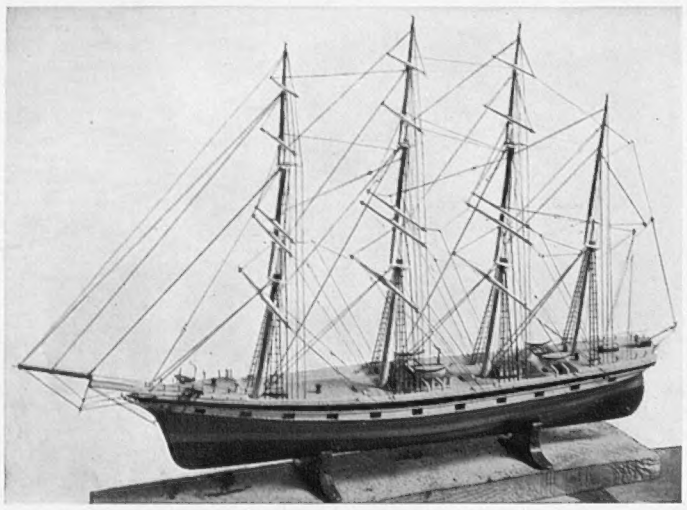
M-S.W.

"LOCH TORRIDON"

MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, are being made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

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7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W. 1

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines, and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

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FRANCE AND THE AIR

(Continued from p. 494)

The Mollisons.—J. A. Mollison and *Seafarer II* have reached Montreal, not, we hope, on a vain journey. Indefiniteness has marked their plans since the disaster at Bridgeport, and now Mrs. Mollison has stated that quite possibly the flight from Toronto to Aleppo will not take place, no matter how much she and her husband may wish to make the crossing. Cold weather has definitely set in, and, according to Mrs. Mollison, the latest advisable date is already past. Ice forming on the wings and overloading the 'plane is the greatest danger. It will be a pity if the attempt is postponed until the flying season next year. It was proposed to take off from a beach 60 miles north of Toronto and fly over Ireland, England, France, Greece, Turkey, and Syria until the petrol supply gave out.

During the long time of waiting Mrs. Mollison has been making a thorough study of aviation in America as a co-pilot in one of the air liners. Attention must be paid to her therefore when she states that America is two years ahead of Europe in aviation matters, especially in night flying, instrument flying, and in ground organization. This is easily to be inferred from the fact that in the U.S.A. there are 19,500 miles of *lighted* airways, ninety-eight radio range beacons, and 13,500 miles of teletype circuits which gather *thrice-hourly* weather reports for broadcasting to 'planes in flight.

Soaring Meeting.—A gliding and soaring competition is to be held at Sutton Bank near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, on October 7 and 8. It is expected that Flying Officer Mole will take part. During a recent attempt upon the world's soaring duration record he stayed up for 6 hours 55 minutes. He hopes to make another attack upon the world's record in the near future, his sailplane being a British-built Tern.

G. C.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A reception will be held in the New *Arethusa* Training Ship, lying off Lower Upnor, near Rochester, on Wednesday, September 27, at 3.30 p.m., at which the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London will be present. Funds are still very urgently needed to meet the cost of adapting the new Ship as a Training Ship for boys. Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

L. M., London (Ceylon).—December and January are the best months in which to visit Ceylon, the mean temperature for January at Colombo being 80 deg. Fahr. It is cooler at the inland resort of Nuwara Eliya, which is at an altitude of 6,200 ft. The open shooting season is from November 1 to June 1. Special *de luxe* accommodation can be obtained on the *Maloja* of the P. & O. Line, which leaves London on December 15, at the very low rate of £119 return. We can recommend the Galle Face Hotel at Colombo, terms from 18s. 6d. per day.

E. B. L., Belfast (Majorca).—The winter climate of Majorca is ideal, and the capital, Palma, is a very popular resort with English people. The hotel Reina Victoria at Palma is good, and quotes terms from 20 pesetas per day. The best route is overland to Barcelona and thence an overnight journey by boat—sailings every evening.

P. H., Woking (Mediterranean cruises in October).—We are sorry to inform you there are no Mediterranean cruises of six weeks duration commencing in October. The longest cruise is that of the *Arandora Star* of the Blue Star Line, which leaves Southampton on October 7 for a twenty-five days cruise to Turkey, Greece, N. Africa, and Spain; fares from 45 guineas.

R. W., London (English hotels with golf courses attached).—The Theobalds Park Hotel at Waltham Cross, Herts, has a 9-hole golf course attached, and the Golf Hotel, Woodhall Spa, Lincs, is connected with an 18-hole course. There is, of course, Gleneagles, but you might consider this rather far north for week-ends.

M. McP., Carlisle (Nice).—You will find living cheaper in Nice than in Cannes. Small furnished villas can be had for 1,000 francs per month. If you would prefer to live a little outside the town there is Villefranche. Buses run into Nice every ten minutes. For details of renting villas you should apply to the Syndicat d'Initiative of Nice, and whilst selecting one you might stay at the Atlantic Hotel, Nice, en pension terms from 75 francs per day.

Hints for Travellers

ITALY.

The Italian State Railways are making some remarkable reductions in fares. One can now obtain a round trip ticket at a 50 per cent. reduction, applicable from the Italian frontier, and tour Italy for thirty days. We could plan a most alluring tour embracing Milan, Rome and Naples, not forgetting a visit to the little island of Capri, which, as we pointed out in THE SPHERE a week or so ago, has now by special command of the Dictator been turned into a bird sanctuary. Then we would proceed via Florence to the Dolomites in the north-east of Italy, and spend at least a week in some small town such as Bressanone, exploring the manifold delights of this district which abounds in the most majestic and beautiful scenery.

AUSTRIA.

Considering the very low cost of living in Austria and the extreme beauty of the countryside which, especially in the southern Voraalberg district, is similar to that of the Dolomites, it is a source of wonder that people have not been flocking to Austria this summer. Though the height of the summer glory is passed and the leaves are fast turning brown and falling, there is yet much beauty to be found in Austria in the autumn, and in the lower valleys a little warmth and sun. The summer resorts, such as St. Anton, are not suitable for September or October, but Feadkirch in the Voraalberg, or Bregenz on Lake Constance enjoy a mildly diverting autumn season. In small inns a jovial inn-keeper will offer you accommodation for 5s. a day, and so anxious is he to make your stay a happy and comfortable one that no request is too small or large to be answered.

The summer period tickets which the English railways have been issuing this season are now extended until Christmas. Normally these reduced rates are not effective after the end of September. This is very welcome news, especially to people who have had to postpone their holidays to the last weeks of September.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen	The Caledonian H.
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Do.	"Deva" Private H.
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Anglesey	Cliff Hotel, Treardur Bay
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room H.
Do.	Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent	The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool	Empire Private H.
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Do.	Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset	Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis	Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do.	Gresham Hotel
Do.	Arlington Private H.
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Twr. H.
Do.	Branksome Dene H.
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Pte. H.
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina Hse. Pte. H.
Do.	Osborne Priory H.
Do.	Westminster Hall H.
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge H.
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mans. H.
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Do.	Old Ship Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms H.
Bude	Falcon Hotel
Do.	Grenville Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion H.
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House H.
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House H.
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court H.
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Coniston	Raeburn Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Pte. H.
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Do.	York Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms H.
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian H.
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	"Donnington," Enys Road
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth H.
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's H.
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Do.	The Midland and Royal Hotel
Goathland	Goathland Hydro H.
Golspie	Sutherland Arms H.
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Hailsham	Woodside Resident'l H. & Country Club
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydro Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Harrogate Hydro H.
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-T.	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft & Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House H.
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private H.
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale H.
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private H
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House H.
Letchworth	The People's House
Lewes	The Shelleys Hotel
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gl'ster Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court H., 29, Leinster Gdns., W.2
Do.	Craven H., Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell Hse. Pte. H., 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Cumberland House Private Hotel, Kew Gardens
Do.	Euston H., Drummond St., N.W.1
Do.	Grafton H., Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbdg., S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand H., Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Palace H., Bloomsbury St., W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt H., Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor H., 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington H., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Pl., S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensboro' Ter., Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	The Hotel Vandyke, Cromwell Road, S.W.7
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do.	Wilton H., Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lundin Links, Fife	Lundin Links Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Minehead	Kingsway Pte. Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace H.
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Pte. H.
Portheawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle H.
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart H.
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Searborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence H.
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private H.
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales H.
Do.	Parry's Waverley H.
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff H., Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen H., Babbacombe
Do.	Dartmeet Private H., Belgrave Rd.
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor H.
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links H., Babbacm.
Do.	Livermead Cliff H.
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria & Albert H.
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private H., St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester H.
Wellington, Somerset	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Pte. H., Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House H.
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay H.
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

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